THE

BEAUTIES

OF

THE POETS.

BEING

A COLLECTION

OF

MORAL AND SACRED POETRY,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS.

Compiled by the late

REV. THOMAS JANES,

OF BRISTOL.

"All men agree, that licentious Poems do of all writings ſooneſt corrupt the heart: and why ſhould we not be as univerſally perſuaded, that the grave and ſerious performances of ſuch as write in the moſt engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulſe, muſt be the moſt effectual perſuaſives to goodneſs?"

TATLER.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

READER.

THE Editor of this little volume was a perſon of conſiderable literary abilities and judgment: and had he not been taken to his reward early in life, this production proves, that mankind might have been much benefited by his judicious labours. As a COLLECTION it is inferior to none in the kingdom. And as the compiler was juſtly eſteemed for his piety and vivacity of ſpirit, ſo has he made choice of thoſe pieces that cannot fail, if duly attended to, to inſtil into the mind of the reader, the love of virtue, and true religion; abſtracted from all illiberal ideas and pedantic notions, which are only of man's invention.

He was not confined in his ſentiments to any particular human ſyſtem, but the tenor of his conduct, private and public, proved him to be actuated by the beſt principles, THE LOVE OF GOD, AND OF ALL MANKIND. From ſuch abilities, therefore, it is natural to expect the moſt agreeable productions: and herein, we apprehend, the judicious reader will not be diſappointed.

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ON CREATION.

MILTON.

THE Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all The Father in him ſhone.
About His chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of GOD, where ſtood of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
Cœleſtial equipage: and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them ſpirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth

The King of Glory in His powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And ſurging waves, as mountains to aſſault
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word, your diſcord end:
Nor ſtaid, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard His voice: Him all His train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation and the wonders of His might.
Then ſtaid the fervid wheels, and in His hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In GOD's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This Univerſe, and all created things;
One foot He centred, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds.
This be thy juſt circumference, O world!

Thus GOD the heaven created, thus the earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' abyſs, but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of GOD outſpread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth

Throughout the fluid maſs, but downward purg'd
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs
Adverſe to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air,
And earth, ſelf-balanc'd, on her centre hung.

Let there be light, ſaid GOD, and forthwith light
Ætherial, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native eaſt
To journey through the aëry gloom began.
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the ſun
Was not; ſhe in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. GOD ſaw the light was good:
And light from darkneſs by the hemiſphere
Divided: light the Day, and darkneſs Night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt day ev'n and morn:
Nor paſs'd uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the celeſtial quires, when orient light,
Exhaling firſt from darkneſs, they beheld;
Birth-day of heaven and earth: with joy and ſhout
The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
GOD and His works, Creator Him they ſung,
Both when firſt evening was, and when firſt morn.

Again GOD ſaid, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and GOD made
The firmament, expanſe of liquid, pure,
Tranſparent, elemental air, diffus'd

In circuit to the uttermoſt convex
Of this great round; partition firm and ſure:
The waters underneath, from thoſe above,
Dividing: for as earth, ſo He the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Cryſtalline ocean, and the loud miſrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, leſt fierce extremes
Contiguous, might diſtemper the whole frame:
And heav'n He nam'd the firmament: ſo ev'n
And morning chorus ſung the ſecond day.

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour, ſoft'ning all her glebe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moiſture: when GOD ſaid,
Be gather'd now, ye waters under heaven,
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on duſt conglobing from the dry;
Part riſe in cryſtal wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte: ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift floods: as armies at the call

Of trumpet (for of armies thou haſt heard)
Troop to their ſtandard, ſo the watry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If ſteep, with torrent rapture; if through plain,
Soft ebbing; nor withſtood them rock or hill:
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With ſerpent-error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the waſhy ooſe deep channels wore;
Eaſy, ere GOD had bid the ground be dry,
All but within thoſe banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.

The dry land, Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters He call'd Seas:
And ſaw that it was good, and ſaid, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant graſs, herb yielding ſeed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whoſe ſeed is in herſelf upon the earth.
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare earth, till then
Deſert, and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender graſs, whoſe verdure clad
Her univerſal face with pleaſant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that ſudden flower'd,
Op'ning their various colours, and made gay
Her boſom ſmelling ſweet: and theſe ſcarce blown,
Forth flouriſh'd thick the cluſt'ring vine, forth crept
The ſmelling gourd, up ſtood the corny reed
Embattl'd in her field; and th' humble ſhrub,
And buſh with frizzl'd hair implicit: laſt
Roſe as in dance the ſtately trees, and ſpread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd

With bloſſoms: with high woods the hills were
crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain ſide,
With borders 'long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to heav'n, a ſeat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her ſacred ſhades: though GOD had not yet rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the earth a dewy miſt
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which ere it was in th' earth
GOD made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green ſtem; GOD ſaw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty ſpake, Let there be lights
High in th' expanſe of heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for ſigns,
For ſeaſons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heaven
To give light on the earth: and it was ſo.
And GOD made two great lights, great for their uſe
To man; the greater to have rule by day,
The leſs by night altern: and made the ſtars,
And ſet them in the firmament of heaven
T' illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their viciſſitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkneſs to divide. GOD ſaw,
Surveying His great work, that it was good:
For of cœleſtial bodies firſt the ſun,

A mighty ſphere, He fram'd, unlightſome firſt,
Though of ætherial mould: then form'd the moon
Globoſe, and every magnitude of ſtars,
And ſow'd with ſtars the heaven thick as a field:
Of light by far the greateſt part He took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudy ſhrine, and plac'd
In the ſun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other ſtars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
So far remote, with diminution ſeen.
Firſt in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heaven's high road; the grey
Dawn, and the Pleïades before him danc'd,
Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the moon,
But oppoſite in levell'd weſt was ſet
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect, and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till night, then in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand ſtars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemiſphere: then firſt adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that ſet and roſe,
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God ſaid, Let the waters generate
Reptile with ſpawn abundant, living ſoul;
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Diſplay'd on th' open firmament of heaven.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the ſeas,
And lakes, and running ſtreams, the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
Forthwith the ſounds and ſeas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable ſwarm, and ſhoals
Of fiſh that with their fins and ſhining ſcales
Glide under the green wave, in ſculls that oft
Bank the mid ſea: part ſingle or with mate
Graze the ſea weed their paſture, and through groves
Of coral ſtray, or ſporting with quick glance,
Shew to the ſun their wav'd coats dropt with gold;
Or in their pearly ſhells at eaſe, attend
Moiſt nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on ſmooth the ſeal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait
Tempeſt the ocean; there leviathan,
Hugeſt of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, ſleeps or ſwims,
And ſeems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk ſpouts out a ſea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and ſhores,

Their brood as num'rous hatch, from th' egg that ſoon
Burſting with kindly rupture, forth diſclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd ſoon and fledge,
They ſumm'd their pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime,
With clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
In proſpect; there the eagle and the ſtork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part looſely wing the region, part more wiſe
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
Their aëry caravan, high over ſeas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Eaſing their flight; ſo ſteers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the ſmaller birds with ſong
Sólac'd the woods, and ſpread their painted wings
Till even, nor then the ſolemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft lays:
Others on ſilver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breaſts; the ſwan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her ſtate with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and riſing on ſtiff pennons, tow'r
The mid aërial ſky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the creſted cock, whoſe clarion ſounds
The ſilent hours; and th' other, whoſe gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hues
Of rainbows and ſtarry eyes. The waters thus
With fiſh repleniſh'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn ſolemniz'd the fifty day.

The fixth, and of Creation laſt, aroſe
With evening harps and matin, when GOD ſaid,
Let th' earth bring forth fowl living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beaſt of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and ſtraight
Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms
Limb'd and fully grown: out of the ground uproſe,
As from his lair, the wild beaſt where he wons
In foreſt wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they roſe, they walk'd:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Thoſe rare and ſolitary, theſe in flocks
Paſt'ring at once, and in broad herds up-ſprung.
The graſſy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant, ſhakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the ſwift ſtag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggeſt born of earth, upheav'd
His vaſtneſs: fleec'd the flocks and bleating roſe,
As plants: ambiguous between ſea and land
The river horſe and ſcaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect or worm: thoſe wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and ſmalleſt lineaments exact
In all the liv'ries deck'd of ſummer's pride,
With ſpots of gold and purple, blue and green:

Theſe as a line their long dimenſion drew,
Streaking the ground with ſinuous trace: not all
Minims of nature; ſome of ſerpent kind,
Wond'rous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their ſnaky folds, and added wings. Firſt crept
The parſimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in ſmall room large heart enclos'd,
Pattern of juſt equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: ſwarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her huſband drone
Deliciouſly, and builds her waxen cells
With honey ſtor'd; the reſt are numberleſs:
But thou their natures know'ſt, and gav'ſt them
names,
Needleſs to thee repeated; nor unknown
The ſerpent, ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field,
Of huge extent ſometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now heaven in all her glory ſhone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the Firſt Great Mover's hand
Firſt wheel'd their courſe: earth in her rich attire
Conſummate, lovely ſmil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fiſh, beaſt, was flown, was ſwum, was walk'd
Frequent: but of the ſixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the maſter-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
With ſanctity of reaſon, might erect

His ſtature, and upright with front ſerene
Govern the reſt, ſelf-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous, to correſpond with heaven:
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Deſcends; thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worſhip GOD ſupreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not He
Preſent?) thus to His Son audibly ſpake,
Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our ſimilitude, and let them rule
Over the fiſh and fowl of ſea and air,
Beaſt of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This ſaid, He form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man!
Duſt of the ground, and in thy noſtrils breath'd
The breath of life: in His own image He
Created thee, in the image of GOD
Expreſs, and thou becam'ſt a living ſoul.
Male He created thee, but thy conſort
Female for race; then bleſs'd mankind, and ſaid,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fiſh of the ſea, and fowl of th' air,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth,
Wherever thus created; for no place
Is yet diſtinct by name: thence, as thou know'ſt,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden planted with the trees of GOD,
Delectable both to behold and taſte;

And freely all their pleaſant fruits for food
Gave thee; all ſorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which taſted, works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'ſt not; in the day thou eat'ſt, thou dy'ſt;
Death is the penalty impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, leſt Sin
Surpriſe thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finiſh'd He, and all that He had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day:
Yet not till the Creator, from His work
Deſiſting though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the heaven of heavens, His high abode;
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of His empire, how it ſhow'd
In proſpect from His throne, how good, how fair,
Anſw'ring His great idea. Up He rode,
Follow'd with acclamation and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Reſounded (thou remember'ſt, for thou heard'ſt)
The heavens and all the conſtellations rung,
The planets in their ſtations liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open, ye heavens, your living doors; let in
The Great Creator from His work return'd
Magnificent, His ſix days work, a World!
Open, and henceforth oft, for God will deign

To viſit oft the dwellings of juſt men,
Delighted, and with frequent intercourſe
Thither will ſend his winged meſſengers
On errands of ſupernal grace. So ſung
The glorious train aſcending: He through heaven,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To GOD's eternal houſe direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whoſe duſt is gold
And pavement ſtars, as ſtars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly as a circling zone thou ſeeſt
Powder'd with ſtars. And now on earth the ſeventh
Evening aroſe in Eden, for the ſun
Was ſet, and twilight from the eaſt came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of heaven's high-ſeated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and ſure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and ſat him down
With his Great Father, for He alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtay'd (ſuch privilege
Hath omnipreſence) and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd and hallow'd the ſeventh day,
As reſting on that day from all His work,
But not in ſilence holy kept; the harp
Had work and reſted not, the ſolemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on fret by ſtring or golden wire
Temper'd ſoft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or uniſon: of incenſe clouds
Fuming from golden cenſers, hid the mount.

Creation and the ſix days acts they ſung,
Great are Thy works, JEHOVAH, infinite
Thy power! what thought can meaſure Thee, or tongue
Relate Thee? greater now in Thy return
Than from the giant angels; Thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater than created to deſtroy.
Who can impair Thee, Mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? eaſily the proud attempts
Of ſpirits apoſtate, and their counſels vain
Thou haſt repell'd, while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from Thee withdraw
The number of Thy worſhippers. Who ſeeks
To leſſen Thee, againſt his purpoſe ſerves
To manifeſt the more Thy might: his evil
Thou uſeſt, and from thence creat'ſt more good.
Witneſs this new-made world, another heaven
From heaven gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glaſſy ſea;
Of amplitude almoſt immenſe, with ſtars
Num'rous, and every ſtar perhaps a world
Of deſtin'd habitation; but Thou know'ſt
Their ſeaſons: among theſe the ſeat of men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleaſant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
And ſons of men, whom GOD hath thus advanc'd,
Created in His image, there to dwell
And worſhip Him, and in reward to rule
Over His works, on earth, in ſea, or air,
And multiply a race of worſhippers

Holy and juſt: thrice happy if they know
Their happineſs, and perſevere upright.

So ſung they, and the empyréan rung
With hallelujahs: thus was ſabbath kept.

MORNING HYMN.

MILTON.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; Thyſelf how wond'rous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſit'ſt above theſe heavens
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe Thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, Him laſt, Him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn,
With thy bright circlet, praiſe Him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou ſun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,

Acknowledge Him thy greater, ſound His praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou
fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldeſt birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our Great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts and exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or grey,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's Great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance His praiſe.
His praiſe ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praiſe.
Join voices all ye living ſouls; ye birds
That ſinging, up to heaven gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep,

Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught His praiſe.

Hail, Univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

ADAM's RELATION TO RAPHAEL

OF THE

FIRST SURVEY HE TOOK OF HIMSELF.

MILTON.

FOR man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himſelf beginning knew?
Deſire with thee ſtill longer to converſe
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moiſture fed.
Straight toward heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion, up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,

And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myſelf I then perus'd: and limb by limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not; to ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou ſun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myſelf; by ſome Great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in power pre-eminent;
Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light, when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady bank profuſe of flowers
Penſive I ſat me down; there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me: and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drowſed ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate,
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd

My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd: One came, methought, of ſhape divine,
And ſaid, Thy manſion wants thee, Adam, riſe,
Firſt man, of men innumerable ordain'd
Firſt father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
To the garden of bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd.
So ſaying, by the hand He took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air,
Smooth ſliding without ſtep, laſt led me up
A woody mountain, whoſe high top was plain;
A circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodlieſt trees
Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I ſaw
Of earth before ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd. Each tree
Loaden with faireſt fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eat: whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadow'd: here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not He who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Preſence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at His feet I fell
Submiſs; He rear'd me, and, Whom thou ſought'ſt, I AM,
Said mildly, Author of all this thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee, or beneath;
This paradiſe I give thee, count it thine.

ADAM's PENITENTIAL REFLECTIONS AFTER HIS FALL.

MILTON.

O MISERABLE of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me ſo late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd of bleſſed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my heighth
Of happineſs! yet well, if here would end
The miſery; I deſerv'd it, and would bear
My own deſervings; but this will not ſerve:
All that I eat or drink, or ſhall beget,
Is propagated curſe. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Increaſe and multiply*,
Now death to hear! for what can I increaſe
Or multiply, but curſes on my head?
Who, of all ages to ſucceed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My head? Ill fare our anceſtor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the exercration; ſo beſides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural centre light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of paradiſe, dear bought with laſting woes!
Did I requeſt Thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man, did I ſolicit Thee

From darkneſs to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my duſt,
Deſirous to reſign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I ſought not. To the loſs of that,
Sufficient penalty, why haſt thou added
The ſenſe of endleſs woes? Inexplicable
Thy juſtice ſeems; yet to ſay truth, too late
I thus conteſt; then ſhould have been refus'd
Thoſe terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didſt accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though GOD
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy ſon
Prove diſobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didſt thou beget me? I ſought it not:
Wouldſt thou admit for his contempt of thee,
That proud excuſe? yet him, not thy election,
But natural neceſſity begot.
GOD made thee of choice His own, and of His own
To ſerve Him; thy reward was of His grace,
Thy puniſhment then juſtly is at His will.
Be it ſo, for I ſubmit: His doom is fair,
That duſt I am, and ſhall to duſt return:
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what His decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathleſs pain? how gladly would I meet

Mortality my ſentence, and be earth
Inſenſible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! there I ſhould reſt
And ſleep ſecure; His dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worſe
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Purſues me ſtill, leſt all I cannot die,
Leſt that pure breath of life, the ſpirit of man
Which God inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in ſome other diſmal place, who knows
But I ſhall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that ſinn'd; what dies but what had life
And ſin? the body properly had neither.
All of me then ſhall die: let this appeaſe
The doubt, ſince human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is His wrath alſo? be it, man is not ſo,
But mortal doom'd. How can He exerciſe
Wrath without end on man whom death muſt end?
Can He make deathleſs death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God Himſelf
Impoſſible is held, as argument
Of weakneſs, not of power. Will He draw out
For anger's ſake, finite to infinite
In puniſh'd man, to ſatisfy His rigour
Satisfied never? that were to extend
His ſentence beyond duſt and nature's law,
By which all cauſes elſe according ſtill

To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own ſphere. But ſay
That death be not one ſtroke, as I ſuppos'd,
Bereaving ſenſe, but endleſs miſery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and ſo laſt
To perpetuity: Ay me, that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceleſs head; both Death and I
Am found eternal, and incorporate both,
Nor I on my part ſingle, in me all
Poſterity ſtands curs'd: fair patrimony
That I muſt leave ye, Sons; O were I able
To waſte it all myſelf, and leave ye none;
So diſinherited how would ye bleſs
Me now your curſe! Ah, why ſhould all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltleſs be condemn'd,
If guiltleſs? but from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
Not to do only, but to will the ſame
With me? how can they then acquitted ſtand
In ſight of God? Him after all diſputes
Forc'd I abſolve: all my evaſions vain,
And reaſonings, though through mazes, lead me ſtill
But to my own conviction; firſt and laſt
On me, me only, as the ſource and ſpring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due
So might the wrath!

ADAM AND EVE EXPELLED PARADISE.

MILTON.

THE hour preciſe
Exacts our parting hence; and ſee the guards,
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whoſe front a flaming ſword,
In ſignal of remove, waves fiercely round:
We may no longer ſtay,—go, waken Eve:
Her alſo I with gentle dreams have calm'd,
Portending good, and all her ſpirits compos'd
To meek ſubmiſſion: thou at ſeaſon fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou haſt heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliv'rance by her ſeed to come
(For by the woman's ſeed) on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though ſad,
With cauſe for evils paſt, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both deſcend the hill;
Deſcended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve
Lay ſleeping, ran before, but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not ſad, ſhe him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'ſt, and whither went'ſt, I know;
For GOD is alſo in ſleep, and dreams adviſe,

Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow and heart's diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou with me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art baniſh'd hence.
This further conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; though all by me is loſt,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchſaf'd,
By me the promis'd Seed ſhall all reſtore.

So ſpake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Arch-Angel ſtood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd ſtation, all in bright array
The Cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening miſt
Ris'n from a river o'er the mariſh glides,
And gathers ground faſt at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
The brandiſh'd ſword of GOD before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Lybian air aduſt,
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the haſt'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eaſtern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as faſt
To the ſubjected plain; then diſappear'd.
They looking back, all th' eaſtern ſide beheld

Of paradiſe, ſo late their happy ſeat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them ſoon;
The world was all before them, where to chooſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand, with wand'ring ſteps and ſlow,
Through Eden took their ſolitary way.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

FROM THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

WARD.

HOW is our reaſon to the future blind,
When vice enervates and enſlaves the mind;
What ſenſe ſuggeſts, how fondly we believe,
And with what ſubtilty ourſelves deceive!

Frail is our ſtate, (th' ungodly cry) how few
The days of life, and yet how tedious too!
Death is our certain doom, in vain we ſtrive
To ſtay the blow, and idly wiſh to live;
When once we to the grave deſcend, in vain
Hope ever to return, and breathe again.
Chance gave us birth, chance form'd our brittle frame,
Nor know we how, or why, or whence we came;

Smoke is our breath, a ſpark our vital part,
That warms, and moves, and animates our heart,
Which once extinguiſh'd, we no more are ſeen;
Then ſhall we be, as if we ne'er had been.
Our works ſhall all in dark oblivion lie,
And with ourſelves our very name ſhall die;
Silent, forgot, to nothing we repair,
To duſt our bodies, and our ſouls to air.

We vaniſh like a cloud, that owes its birth
To exhalations from the glowing earth,
Drawn up, and painted by the ſolar rays,
A beauteous being it awhile diſplays;
But ſoon diſſolv'd, its ſhort-liv'd glory mourns,
And to its parent earth in tears returns:
View all the heavens around, nor can you find
The path it paſs'd, or mark its trace behind.

Come, let us then the preſent hour employ;
Nor to the faithleſs future truſt our joy;
Let us from care the wrinkled forehead ſmooth,
Let us in age revive the ſweets of youth,
Pour out rich wines, the coſtly ointments bring,
With all the blooming flow'rs that grace the ſpring;
Let the freſh violet and the new-born roſe
A ſmiling chaplet for our brows compoſe.
Entwine our temples, e'er ye die, ye flow'rs!
Short is your date of life, and ſhort is ours.
Let's print each hour with pleaſure, e'er it paſs,
Leave monuments of joy in every place,

That may our revellings and us ſurvive,
Shew we once were, and teach our ſons to live.
Loſe not the little portion fate allows,
That is man's lot—this all the heaven he knows.

Thus they, who from the ways of truth decline,
Pervert their reaſon to confirm their ſin;
The miſts of ſenſual luſt ſo cloud their eye,
They can't the myſteries of God deſcry,
Or taſte the pleaſing hope, and heavenly reſt,
The pious tranſports of the righteous breaſt;
They know not man for noble views deſign'd,
Nor feel the worth of their immortal mind;
On tranſitory things they fix their bliſs,
And loſe the better life to come for this.

A PARAPHRASE

OF THE LATTER PART OF THE

SIXTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW.

THOMSON.

WHEN my breaſt labours with oppreſſive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear;
While all my warring paſſions are at ſtrife,
Oh, let me liſten to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt His doctrine did impart,
And thus He rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your ſcanty ſtores afford,
Is ſpread at once upon the ſparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof, the howling tempeſt bears;
What further ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall clothe theſe ſhiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?
Behold! and look away your low deſpair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor ſtores, nor granaries, belong,
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleaſing ſong;
Yet, your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing that flits beneath the ſky.
To him they ſing, when ſpring renews the plain,
To him they cry, in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their muſic, nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay, and the diſtreſsful call,
And with unſparing bounty fills them all.

Obſerve the riſing lily's ſnowy grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor ſpin, but careleſs grow,
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!
What regal veſtments can with them compare!
What king ſo ſhining! or what queen ſo fair!

If, ceaſeleſs, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithleſs, ſay?
Is he unwiſe? or, are ye leſs than they?

ODE ON ÆOLUS's HARP.

THOMSON.

ÆTHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the ſecret grove;
Ye unſeen beings, to my harp repair,
And raiſe majeſtic ſtrains, or melt in love.

Thoſe tender notes, how kindly they upbraid;
With what ſoft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of ſome unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, theſe ſweet complainings part.

But hark! that ſtrain was of a graver tone;
On the deep ſtrings his hand ſome hermit throws;
Or he, the ſacred bard*; who ſat alone,
In the drear waſte, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the ſong which Zion's children ſung,
When by Euphrates' ſtream they made their plaint;
And to ſuch ſadly ſolemn notes are ſtrung
Angelic harps, to ſooth a dying ſaint.

Methinks I hear the full celeſtial choir,
Thro' heav'n's high dome their awful anthem raiſe:
Now chanting clear, and now they all conſpire
To ſwell the lofty hymn, from praiſe to praiſe.

* Jeremiah.

Let me, ye wand'ring ſpirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the ſtring,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you ceaſe, my muſe forgets to ſing.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

AN ORIENTAL ECLOGUE.

COLLINS.

SCENE, *The Deſart.*——TIME, *Mid-Day.*

IN ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt.
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, with pain, their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſp'rate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt or pinching hunger that I find!

Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall thirſt aſſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?
Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſart brown,
To ev'ry diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, whilſt mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,

Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſarts, if they lead to gold?
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O ceaſe my fears!——All frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe;
What if the lion in his rage I meet!
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft, when day's declining light,
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:
Before them Death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If ought of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They 'tempt no deſarts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day where reaſon rules the mind.
He ſaid, and call'd on heav'n to bleſs the day,
And back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

VIRTUE ALONE AFFORDS TRUE HAPPINESS.

POPE.

WHAT nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize! A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix;
Juſtice a conq'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or truſt,
Content, or pleaſure, but the good or juſt?
Judges and ſenates have been bought with gold,
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
O fool! to think GOD hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,

Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.

Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings;
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth, if yours you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards,
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatneſs; ſay where greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wiſe."

Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the politic and wiſe;
All fly ſlow things with circumſpective eyes;
Men in their looſe unguarded hours, they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat:
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a villain great;
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains;
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancy'd life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.

Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas:
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.

In parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own.
Condemn'd in bus'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.

Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they 'mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſk'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill theſe things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the man to whom they fall?

To ſigh for ribands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace lord Umbra, or ſir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind;
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory, learn to ſcorn them all.
There in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe!
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, ſunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold,
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctified from ſhame;
What greater bliſs attends the cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled in their noon-tide ray
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;

The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill!
Where only merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes and what it gives:
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, though e'er ſo bleſt,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd;
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than virtue's very tears.
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more virtue is to gain.

See the ſole bliſs heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know;
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God:
Purſues that chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;

Sees, that no being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above and ſome below;
Learns, from this union of the riſing whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

POPE.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind.

Yet gave me in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill!
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,

This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all being raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

THE INFINITE.

WATTS.

SOME ſeraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
Or harp of golden ſtring,
That I may raiſe a lofty ſong
To our Eternal King.

Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlaſting One!
Boundleſs Thy might and majeſty,
And unconfin'd Thy throne.

Thy glories ſhine of wond'rous ſize,
And wond'rous large Thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from Thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

Thine eſſence is a vaſt abyſs,
Which angels cannot ſound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

The myſt'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds,
Thoughts can aſcend above the ſky,
And fly before the winds.

Reaſon may graſp the maſſy hills,
And ſtretch from pole to pole,
But half Thy name our ſpirit fills,
And overloads our ſoul.

In vain our haughty reaſon ſwells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But boundleſs inconceivables,
And vaſt eternity.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

AN ODE.

WATTS.

WHEN the fierce north-wind with his airy forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning with a ſtorm of hail comes
Ruſhing amain down.

How the poor ſailors ſtand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarſe thunder like a bloody trumpet
Roars a loud onſet to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such ſhall the noiſe be, and the wild diſorder,
(If things eternal may be like theſe earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the ſtrong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repoſe of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones ariſing,
Flames all around 'em.

Hark the ſhrill outcry of the guilty wretches;
Lively bright horror and amazing anguiſh
Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-
ſtrings,
And the ſmart twinges, when their eyes behold the
Lofty judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeleſs immortals! how they ſcream and ſhiver,
While devils puſh them to the pit wide yawning
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

Stop here my fancy: (all away ye horrid
Doleful ideas) come ariſe to Jeſus,
How he ſits God-like! and the ſaints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!

O may I ſit there when he comes triumphant
Dooming the nations: then aſcend to glory,
While our Hoſannas all along the paſſage
Shout the Redeemer.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

WATTS.

IT was a brave attempt! advent'rous he,
Who in the firſt ſhip broke the unknown ſea;
And leaving his dear native ſhores behind,
Truſted his life to the capricious wind.

I ſee the ſurging brine: the tempeſt raves,
He on a pine plank rides acroſs the waves,
Exulting o'er a thouſand gaping graves:
He ſteers the winged boat, and ſhifts the ſails,
Conquers the floods, and manages the gales.

Such is the ſoul that leaves this mortal land
Fearleſs, when the great Maſter gives command.
Death is the ſtorm: ſhe ſmiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempeſt waft her from the ſhore:
Then with a ſkilful helm ſhe ſweeps the ſeas,
And manages the raging ſtorm with eaſe;
(Her faith can govern Death) ſhe ſpreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as ſhe ſails ſhe ſings,
And loſes, by degrees, the ſight of mortal things.
As the ſhores leſſen, ſo her joys ariſe,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempeſt dies:
Now vaſt eternity fills all her ſight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The ſea's for ever calm, the ſkie's for ever bright.

MEDITATION IN A GROVE.

WATTS.

SWEET muſe, deſcend and bleſs the ſhade,
And bleſs the ev'ning grove;
Bus'neſs and noiſe and day are fled,
And ev'ry care but love.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No Phillis ſhall infect the air
With her unhallow'd name.

Jeſus has all my pow'rs poſſeſt,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear ſov'reign of my breaſt,
Shall ſtill command my voice.

Some of the faireſt choirs above
Shall flock around my ſong
With joy, to hear the name they love,
Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms ſhall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
Where ſilence ſits on ev'ry bough,
And bends the liſt'ning woods.

I'll carve His paſſion on the bark,
And ev'ry wounded tree
Shall drop and bear ſome myſtic mark
That Jeſus dy'd for me.

The ſwains ſhall wonder when they read
Inſcrib'd on all the grove,
That Heav'n itſelf came down, and bled
To win a mortal's love.

THE HERO's SCHOOL OF MORALITY.

WATTS.

THERON among his travels found
A broken ſtatue on the ground;
And ſearching onward as he went,
He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moſs, and ſhades had overgrown
The ſculpture of the crumbling ſtone,
Yet ere he paſs'd, with much ado
He gueſs'd and ſpell'd out, Sci-pi-o.

" Enough, he cry'd; I'll drudge no more,
" In turning the dull Stoics o'er:
" Let pedants waſte their hours of eaſe
" To ſweat all night at Socrates;
" And feed their boys with notes and rules,
" Thoſe tedious recipes of ſchools
" To cure ambition: I can learn
" With greater eaſe the great concern
" Of mortals; how we may deſpiſe
" All the gay things below the ſkies.

" Methinks a mould'ring pyramid
" Says all that the old ſages ſaid:
" For me, theſe ſhatter'd tombs contain
" More morals than the Vatican.
" The duſt of heroes caſt abroad,
" And kick'd and trampled in the road,

" The relics of a lofty mind,
" That lately wars and crowns deſign'd
" Toſt for a jeſt from wind to wind,
" Bid me be humble, and forbear
" Tall monuments of fame to rear,
" They are but caſtles in the air.
" The tow'ring height and frightful falls,
" The ruin'd heaps and funerals
" Of ſmoking kingdoms and their kings,
" Tell me a thouſand mournful things
" In melancholy ſilence———
" ———————————He
" That living could not bear to ſee
" An equal now lies torn and dead,
" Here his pale trunk, and there his head;
" Great Pompey! while I meditate
" With ſolemn horror thy ſad fate,
" Thy carcaſs ſcatter'd on the ſhore
" Without a name, inſtructs me more
" Than my whole library before.
" Lie ſtill, my Plutarch then, and ſleep,
" And my good Seneca may keep
" Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
" I have no further uſe for you:
" For when I feel my virtue fail,
" And my ambitious thoughts prevail;
" I'll take a turn among the tombs,
" And ſee whereto all glory comes:
" There the vile foot of ev'ry ſlave,
" Inſults a Charles or a Guſtave:
" Beggars with awful aſhes ſport,
" And tread on Cæſars in the dirt."

TRUE RICHES.

WATTS.

I AM not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do:
'Tis enough that I can ſay
I've poſſeſt myſelf to day:
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my fleſh and ſtop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I ſhall be
Heir to the beſt part of me.

Glitt'ring ſtones and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever flutt'ring to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world beſtows,
She can take and I can loſe;
But the treaſures that are mine,
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my ſpacious ſoul,
And ſurvey myſelf in whole,
And enjoy myſelf alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never ſeen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.

Here on all the ſhining boughs
Knowledge fair and uſeful grows;
On the ſame young flow'ry tree
All the ſeaſons you may ſee;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Juſt diſcloſing to the ſight:
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into ſolid truth:
Fruits refin'd of noble taſte;
Seraphs feed on ſuch repaſt.
Here in a green and ſhady grove
Streams of pleaſure mix with love:
There beneath the ſmiling ſkies
Hills of contemplation riſe:
Now upon ſome ſhining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raiſe my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endleſs beauties more
Earth hath no reſemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can deſcribe the ſoul;
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treaſures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far
Than the golden Indies are:
Ships that trace the wat'ry ſtage
Cannot coaſt it in an age;

Harts or horſes, ſtrong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thouſand days and more.

Yet the ſilly wand'ring mind
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coaſting round the narrow ſhores,
Narrow ſhores of fleſh and ſenſe,
Picking ſhells and pebbles thence:
Or ſhe ſits at Fancy's door,
Calling ſhapes and ſhadows to her,
Foreign viſits ſtill receiving,
And t' herſelf a ſtranger living.
Never, never would ſhe buy
Indian duſt or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more
If ſhe ſaw her native ſtore,
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

CHARITY.

A Paraphraſe

ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

PRIOR.

DID ſweeter ſounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel ſung:
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or ſcience can define;
And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth,
In all the ſpeeches of the babbling earth:
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breaſt inſpire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Iſrael ſaw,
When Moſes gave them miracles, and law:
Yet, gracious Charity, indulgent gueſt,
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breaſt;
Thoſe ſpeeches would ſend up unheeded pray'r,
That ſcorn of life would be but wild deſpair:
A cymbal's ſound were better than my voice,
My faith were form, my eloquence were noiſe.

Charity, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind!
Knows with juſt reins, and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile ſhame, and arbitrary pride:
Not ſoon provok'd, ſhe eaſily forgives:
And much ſhe ſuffers, as ſhe much believes:

Soft peace ſhe brings wherever ſhe arrives:
She builds our quiet, as ſhe forms our lives:
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heav'n.

Each other gift, which GOD on man beſtows,
Its proper bounds, and due reſtriction knows;
To one fix'd purpoſe dedicates its pow'r,
And finiſhing its act, exiſts no more.
Thus in obedience to what heav'n decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and prophecy ſhall ceaſe:
But laſting Charity's more ample ſway,
Nor bound by time, nor ſubject to decay,
In happy triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs good diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe receive.

As through the artiſt's intervening glaſs,
Our eye perceives the diſtant planets paſs;
A little we diſcover; but allow
That more remains unſeen, than art can ſhew:
So whilſt our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reaſon up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:
Yet we are able only to ſurvey,
Dawnings of beams, and promiſes of day.
Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled ſight;
Too great its ſwiftneſs, and too ſtrong its light.

But ſoon the mediate clouds ſhall be diſpell'd:
The ſun ſhall ſoon be face to face beheld.

In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated ſublime on his meridian throne.

Then conſtant Faith, and holy Hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilſt thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office, and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive——————
Shalt ſtand before the hoſt of heav'n confeſt,
For ever bleſſing and for ever bleſt.

THE FRAILTY AND FOLLY OF MAN.

PRIOR.

GREAT heav'n! how frail thy creature man is made!
How by himſelf inſenſibly betray'd!
In our own ſtrength unhappily ſecure,
Too little cautious of the adverſe pow'r;
And by the blaſt of ſelf opinion mov'd,
We wiſh to charm, and ſeek to be belov'd.
On pleaſure's flowing brink we idly ſtray,
Maſters as yet of our returning way:
Seeing no danger, we diſarm our mind;
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:

Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant ſhade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And ſmiling ſee the nearer waters roll;
Till the ſtrong guſts of raging paſſion riſe,
Till the dire tempeſt mingles earth and ſkies;
And ſwift into the boundleſs ocean borne,
Our fooliſh confidence too late we mourn:
Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
And from our troubled view the leſſen'd lands retreat.

CHRIST ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

PERRONET.

Thy Throne, O God, is for ever and ever. HEB. i. 8.

THO' heaven's bright hoſts with earth in concert join,
Their voice æthereal, and their notes divine:
Tho' myriad-worlds their whole oblations bring,
And nature ſtrikes the univerſal ſtring:
Tho' yet unform'd, unnumber'd orbs ſhall roll,
And pour at once the thunder of their ſoul;
Spread all the pow'rs of Harmony abroad
And concrete riſe, to ſwell the grand applaud,
Strength to their King, and glory to their God!
Yet would this high, this full accented choir,
Tho' fluſh'd with all that being could aſpire,
Of tranſport's joy, or love's harmonic fire,

In vain aſſay, the Infinite to raiſe,
Exalt his greatneſs, or ſupport his praiſe!
Their utmoſt ſkill would diſproportion'd prove,
And ſhame their efforts, while it ſhew'd their love!
Each foil'd attempt, diminiſh or debaſe
The glorious theme, and ſeal its own diſgrace.
His dazzling heights their ſoaring ſtrains elude,
And kind reproach their vent'rous gratitude.
Their loud acclaim, tho' ſhook th' Olympian ſky,
In air diſſolve, and hallelujahs die.
No thund'ring echoes would the vaults reſound;
Nor echoing murmurs anſwer to the ſound.
Still as the night the loud acclaim would ceaſe,
And conſcious bluſh ſuffuſe creation's face.
Loſt from the moment that they firſt aſcend,
Would miſs their object, tho' attain'd its end.
In love receiv'd, who view'd their bold deſign,
The praiſe might take, yet juſt preſerve the line.
Officious worlds their ſacred diſtance keep,
And vocal joy in awful ſilence ſleep;
Sunk at his feet, with trembling homage own
Their zeal—preſumption, and their art outdone.
The theme too mighty for creation's tongue,
The ſeraph's ardor, or the cherub's ſong.
As none but He, whoſe wiſdom knows his pow'r,
Can comprehend, or can himſelf adore:
Define the nature, or preſcribe the mode
Of ſervice due, or worſhip meet for GOD.
Defective all the creature's utmoſt ſtretch,
How wide their compaſs, or how high their reach.

All ſhort of him, who ſhuns created ſight,
And dwells in darkneſs from exceſs of light.
Known to himſelf—his own eternal theme;
Nor adds creation, nor detracts from him.
To him alone exiſtence owes her form,
From tow'ring cherubs to the trodden worm.

'Twixt theſe compris'd creation's gradual plan *,
And form'd between his fav'rite likeneſs man †.
Plac'd at the head of this terreſtrial frame,
He treads on duſt, yet glows ſeraphic flame:
In whoſe compound th' amazing contraſts meet,
Heav'n in his eye, and nature at his feet.
Monarch on earth, ſee earth her tribute bring,
His God's vicegerent and his creature's king:
On whom conferr'd the high deputed ſway,
Creation waits to homage, or obey.

While He, who made, alike remov'd from all,
Without compare his own original!
Above all eſſence, as beyond all name;
In all things various, yet in all the ſame;
And whom to liken is but to blaſpheme!

* The difference of ſituation, abilities, and other prerogatives, may be compared to a gradual riſe, or fall: but the eſſence of beings capable, and incapable, of knowing God, is different beyond all degrees, and admits of no compariſon.

† With regard to man in his preſent ſtate of probation, his ſituation is low; but in the eſſence of his nature, and the kingdom prepared for him, the Scriptures give him the preference to all that is created.

Admits no change, nor bears gradation's forms,
Nor more like angels than he is like worms.
But as he made, can with his word deſtroy
The ſparkling cherub, or the ſpangling fly.
With equal eaſe invert created modes;
Make angels reptiles, or thoſe reptiles gods.

Sole what he is, and all he will or can;
And all he was, ere yet of old began,
Or ſtars to ſhine, or ſeaſons to return;
Ere ſang creation, or its ſons were born.
Lord over all! Himſelf his firſt regard;
And whom to worſhip is its own reward.
The creatures honour and their high employ,
His will their being, and his ſmile their joy.
'Tis favour all, that deigns an ear to lend;
While angels proſtrate, or archangels bend.
His height ſupreme, Himſelf alone can tell;
And equal hard to rival as excel.
Broad flames of light arobe his radiant ſeat,
Heav'n is his throne, while earth receives his feet:
To whom all creatures are as nothing ſeen:
The mountains atoms, and thoſe atoms men.
Vain then the hope, and vain th' attempt to raiſe
An equal tribute to unequall'd praiſe!

Suffice for man—ſuffice for angels this,
Who ſerves with trembling cannot ſerve amiſs.
With lowly mind, ſelf-emptied all and poor,
May aſk in hope, and hoping aſk for more.

With humble faith direct his ardent prayer,
Preſent his wiſhes, or his thanks prefer.
An off'ring pure and more accepted bring,
Than harps can ſound, or ſweeps the chorded ſtring.
Their ſighs harmonious, and their holy tears,
Joy of his ſight, and muſic in his ears.
Who ſaves the contrite, and reſheaths his ſword,
At once to favour, as to life reſtor'd,
Who fear his name or tremble at his word.
More free to offer and more rich to give,
Than man to aſk, or aſking, to believe,
His pride confeſs, or unbelief conceive.
Touch'd by his word, they catch the living flame,
Hang on his croſs, and ſhelter in his name.
With faith approv'd, their whole burnt-off'rings lift,
While flames the altar, and conſumes the gift.
From heav'n's bright lamp the hallow'd fire comes down,
Seizes on all, and warps it to the throne:
Where ſits on high the Lord of Iſrael's hope,
Who bore their ſins, now bears their offerings up;
Well pleas'd he ſmiles on what himſelf inſpir'd,
As found the ſervice that his love requir'd.

Hail, ſov'reign Goodneſs! infinite and free:
Thine eye the light, thy ſpan immenſity!
Thyſelf thy centre, and creation's ſoul!
Whoſe vaſt circumf'rence circumſcribes the whole;
Extends o'er all its penetrating ſway,
And kindles darkneſs, or puts out the day.

From whom conceal'd, no ſecret thoughts can riſe,
Eſcape thy notice, or deceive thine eyes,
Known ere its birth, known ere in embryo warm'd,
By words depictur'd, or in action form'd:
Trac'd from its point thy ſpirit marks its courſe,
Directs its motion or repels its force.
To gain ſome end, or fruſtrate ſome deſign,
Alike thy juſtice, and thy love combine.
Searcher of hearts! to thee are equal known
The minds of millions, as the mind of one.
Who would not fear, who would not kiſs thy hand?
Fall at thy word, or riſe at its command?

Hail, ſov'reign Lord! by all thy works confeſt!
By angels worſhipp'd, and by ſaints addreſs'd!
Hail, ſov'reign love! myſterious wiſdom, hail!
In whom the Father, and his fulneſs dwell!
In whom the Godhead, and the man unite,
Stamp of his form, and glory of his light;
Come, and thy two-fold character maintain,
Jehovah's equal, and the child of man!
In whom complete, in thee completed ſhine,
The God incarnate, and the man divine.
Myſterious truth! with-held from reaſon's eye:
Outcaſt on earth! but wonder of the ſky!

Hail, wond'rous Croſs*! and thou more wond'rous He!
That croſs who bore—Thyſelf its myſtery!

*By the croſs is meant the ſufferings of Chriſt on the croſs.

And borne for man!—a greater myſt'ry ſtill;
But ſuch thy love, and love's myſterious will!

Hail, wond'rous chief! who can thy deeds explain?
Their cauſe explore, or tell thy love for man?
Found in thyſelf, from thee alone it flow'd,
Read in thy death, as written with thy blood.
That precious blood, that in its mingled ſtream,
Pour'd life for all thy merit could redeem.
And this was all,— not one of human kind,
Who come refus'd, or aſking may not find.
This far from thee, to ſpurn a hapleſs race,
Reject the ſuppliant, or with-hold thy grace.

Thy grace is his—who aſks in thy great name,
May aſk for all, and with aſſurance claim
The purchas'd pardon to believers giv'n,
The ſeal of mercy, and the hope of heav'n.
All conq'ring faith, determin'd to endure,
And make its calling and election ſure:
That firm reſiſts temptation unto blood;
Of *ſelf* diveſted and eſpous'd to GOD.
Lives but for him, who liv'd for this alone,
Form of our form, in faſhion of his own,
That GOD with man might live for ever one!

Hail, wond'rous love! ſurpaſſing angels ſight!
Loſt in its depth, and blinded by its light,
Hail! thou in whom the wide extremes are ſeen,
Of GOD Jehovah—and of man with men.

All hail! in whom concentre all in one:
Hail all thou art! and all that thou haſt done!
Unrivall'd yet, let all thy works adore;
Who died a man, is GOD for ever more!

But utterance fails—our feeble ſpirits faint,
Nor more thy perſon than thy paſſion paint.
Supreme in both, in both ſupreme of all;
Fountain of life, and love's original!
Source of thyſelf, unmade and underiv'd;
As ſelf-exiſtent, and as ſelf-depriv'd.
Conceiv'd, and born, was crucify'd and dead:
His creature's offspring, was creation's head.
Life in himſelf, to take or to reſign,
In each as mortal, and in each divine.
Hail then again—thy Spirit cries, "All hail!"
Tho' worlds deſpair, and all creation fail.

Yet kind permit, and with thy wonted love,
Our weakneſs ſpare, nor in thy wrath reprove
Our glowing zeal; but let thy goodneſs hear
Our ſilence ſpeak: what, though our tongues forbear,
Our hearts ſhall muſe, our raptur'd wonder feel,
Our lives expreſs, and life's obedience tell.
Fix'd on this view, our willing feet ſhall move,
From earth's attraction, to our hope above.
In all thy paths—in all thy precepts tread,
Whate'er thy life, or written word hath ſaid.
In meek compliance with thy ſov'reign will:
In action fervid, and in ſuffering—*ſtill.*

Waiting thy call from earth's inglorious ſtrife,
To living joys, and heav'n's unending life.
Sweetly compos'd, reſign our parting breath,
Anſwer thy ſmile, and hail the tyrant—Death.
Launch undiſmay'd beyond the ſolar bound:
With prophets number'd, and with martyrs found.
Where wait the ſaints, for better things prepar'd,
Their final glory, and their full reward.

Our bodies laid on earth's capacious breaſt,
In peace ſhall ſlumber, and in hope ſhall reſt,
Till at thy trump we lift our waking eyes,
Start from the tomb, and ready for the ſkies,
Mount all renew'd and as thine own, divine,
Our ſhining forms, their kindred ſpirits join.

Till thus reſtor'd, our riſing head we meet,
Reign on his throne, or proſtrate at his feet:
In heaven's high dome eternal trophies raiſe,
Our joy conſummate, and complete our praiſe:
Till in thy light thy future face we ſee,
Shine in thy ſtrength, and ſhare thy dignity.
Abſorb'd behold the ſcene thy love diſplays;
Loſt in its beams, and ſhadow'd by its rays.
The growing wonders ev'ry moment view,
For ever op'ning,—and for ever new!

PRESERVATION BY LAND AND SEA.

A Divine Ode.

ADDISON.

HOW are thy ſervants bleſt, O LORD!
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy ſweeten'd every ſoil,
Made every region pleaſe,
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And ſmooth'd the Tyhrrene ſeas.

Think, O my ſoul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors riſe!

Confuſion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſet me free,
Whilſt in the confidence of pray'r
My ſoul took hold on thee;

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave:

The ſtorm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

In midſt of danger, fear, and death,
Thy goodneſs I'll adore,
And praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preſerv'ſt my life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, if death muſt be my doom,
Shall join my ſoul to thee.

A SOLILOQUY

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

ADDISON.

IT muſt be ſo—Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well!
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, this inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the Divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou, pleaſing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) He muſt delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in, muſt be happy.

A PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF

THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

ADDISON.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue æthereal ſky,
And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in ſolem ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball!
What though no real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!

In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

ADDISON.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks He ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring ſteps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

CARDINAL WOLSEY's LAMENTATION OF HIS FALL.

SHAKESPEARE.

FAREWEL, a long farewel to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a rip'ning, nips his root:
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers, in a ſea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, which muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new-open'd. O how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that ſmile which we aſpire to,
That ſweet regard of princes and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war and women know;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman.——
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard: ſay then, I taught thee;
Say, Wolſey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of this wreck, to riſe in;
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſs'd it.
Cromwell, I charge thee, throw away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then
(The image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt; cheriſh thoſe hearts that wait thee;
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy country's
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'ſt, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in———

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I now dare call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my king, He would not in my age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

POPE.

BUT all our praiſes why ſhould lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt muſe! and ſing the man of Roſs:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Nor to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs pouring through the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary traveller repoſe?
Who feeds yon alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where age and want ſit ſmiling at the gate?
Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
The Man of Roſs, each liſping babe replies.

Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The Man of Roſs divides the weekly bread:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans, bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? The Man of Roſs relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine takes and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an uſeleſs race.
"Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
"What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do.
"O ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
"What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?"
Of debts and taxes, wife or children clear,
This man poſſeſs'd—five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh grandeur, bluſh; proud courts, withdraw your blaze:
Ye *little ſtars!* hide your diminiſh'd rays.

"And what? No monument, inſcription, ſtone?
"His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?"
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

ON PROVIDENCE.

GOD works in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

Ye feeble ſaints, freſh courage take;
The clouds ye ſo much dread,
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

His purpoſes are rip'ning faſt,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But WAIT to ſmell the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
GOD is *his own* Interpreter,
And he ſhall make it plain.

ON THE WORDS,

"IF THOU KNEWEST WHO IT IS, &c."

AT Jacob's well a Stranger ſought
His ardent thirſt to clear;
Samaria's daughter little thought
The FONT OF LIFE ſo near.
This had ſhe known, her panting mind
For LIVING DRAUGHTS had ſigh'd;
Nor had Meſſiah, ever kind,
Thoſe living draughts deny'd.
And Jacob's well (no glaſs ſo true)
Britannia's image ſhows;
Meſſiah travels Britain through,
But who the ſtranger knows?
Yet Britain muſt the Stranger know,
Or ſoon her loſs deplore,
Behold the living waters flow,
Come drink, and thirſt no more?

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn, lovelieſt village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring ſwain,

Where ſmiling ſpring its earlieſt viſit paid,
And parting ſummer's lingering bloom delay'd,
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and eaſe,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry ſport could pleaſe.
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happineſs endear'd each ſcene:
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The ſhelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the buſy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn buſh with ſeats beneath the ſhade,
For talking age and whiſp'ring lovers made.

Sweet ſmiling village, lovelieſt of the lawn,
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidſt thy bow'rs, the tyrant's hand is ſeen,
And deſolation ſaddens all thy green:
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a tillage ſtints thy ſmiling plain;
No more thy glaſſy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with ſedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow ſounding bittern guards its neſt:
Amidſt thy deſert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to haſt'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:

Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade:
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroy'd, can never be ſupply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore,
Juſt gave what life requir'd, but gave no more.
His beſt companions, innocence and health;
And his beſt riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain;
Along the lawn, where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repoſe;
And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Thoſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that aſk'd but little room,
Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
Theſe, far departing, ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confeſs the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, thy ruin'd grounds,
And many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn grew:

Here, as with doubtful, penſive ſteps I range,
Trace ev'ry ſcene, and wonder at the change,
Remembrance wakes with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my ſhare——
I ſtill had hopes, my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bow'rs to lay me down;
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return——and die at home at laſt.

O bleſt retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never muſt be mine!
How bleſt is he who crowns in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of peace;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from his gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend:
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And, all his proſpects bright'ning to the laſt,
His heav'n commences ere the world be paſt!

Sweet was the ſound, when oft at ev'ning's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe;

There, as I paſs'd with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung;
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whiſp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind;
Theſe all in ſoft confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate the gale:
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring:
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmleſs train,
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.

Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flow'r grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place;
Unſkilful he to fawn, or ſeek for pow'r,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raiſe the wretched, than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending, ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
The broken ſoldier kindly bade to ſtay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offſpring to the ſkies;
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns diſmay'd:
The rev'rend champion ſtood. At his control,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt fault'ring accents whiſper'd praiſe.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place:
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honeſt ruſtic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile.
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſs'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſs'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heav'n.
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Though round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

Beſide yon ſtraggling fence that ſkirts the way,
With bloſſom'd furze, unprofitably gay;
There, in his noiſy manſion ſkill'd to rule,
The village maſter taught his little ſchool:
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's diſaſters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the buſy whiſper circling round,
Convey'd the diſmal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if ſevere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was his fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could meaſure, terms and tides preſage,
And e'en the ſtory ran that he could guage;
In arguing too, the parſon own'd his ſkill,
For e'en though vanquiſh'd, he could argue ſtill;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring ſound,
Amaze the gazing ruſtics rang'd around;
And ſtill they gaz'd, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew:
But paſs'd is all his fame. The very ſpot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Low lies that houſe where nut-brown draughts inſpir'd,
Where honeſt ſwains and ſmiling toil retir'd;
Where village ſtateſmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplendors of that feſtive place;

The white-waſh'd wall, the nicely-ſanded floor,
The varniſh'd clock that clink'd behind the door;
The cheſt, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night a cheſt of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of gooſe,
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay.
While broken tea-cups, wiſely kept for ſhow,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud diſdain,
Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloſs of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The ſoul adopts, and owns their firſt-born ſway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmoleſted, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight maſquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In theſe, ere triflers half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain;
And, e'en while faſhion's brighteſt arms decoy,
The heart diſtruſting, aſks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye ſtateſmen who ſurvey
The rich man's joys increaſe, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits ſtand
Between a ſplendid and a happy land.

Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting Folly hails them from her ſhore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miſer's wiſh abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our uſeful products ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the loſs: the man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleaſure all
In barren ſplendor feebly waits the fall.

As ſome fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when thoſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then ſhines forth, ſolicitous to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt array'd,

But verging to decline, its ſplendors riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurpriſe;
While ſcourg'd by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And while he ſinks, without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms——a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah where ſhall poverty reſide,
To 'ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride?
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,
Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city ſped, what waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare;
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To ſee each joy the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp diſplay,
There the black gibbet glooms beſide the way.
The dome where pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare:
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy!

Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts?—Ah, turn thy eyes
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bleſt,
Has wept at tales of innocence diſtreſt;
Her modeſt looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primroſe peeps beneath the thorn:
Now loſt to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door ſhe lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and ſhrinking from the
ſhow'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour,
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, fair Auburn, thine, the loveliеſt train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At poor men's doors they aſk a little bread!

Ah no. To diſtant climes, a dreary ſcene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
To torrid tracts with fainting ſteps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid ſhore.
Thoſe blazing ſuns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable day;
Thoſe matted woods where birds forget to ſing,
But ſilent bats in drowſy cluſters cling;
Thoſe pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark ſcorpion gathers death around:

Where at each ſtep the ſtranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the 'vengeful ſnake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapleſs prey,
And ſavage men more murd'rous ſtill than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landſcape with the ſkies.
Far different theſe from ev'ry former ſcene,
The cooling brook, the graſſy-veſted green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſhelter'd thefts of harmleſs love.

Good heav'n! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleaſure paſt,
Hung round their bow'rs, and fondly look'd their laſt,
And took a long farewel, and wiſh'd in vain
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And ſhudd'ring ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Return'd and wept, and ſtill return'd to weep:
The good old ſire, that firſt prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſh'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſt the cot where ev'ry pleaſure roſe:

And kiſs'd her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſp'd them cloſe, in ſorrow doubly dear:
Whilſt her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the decent manlineſs of grief.

O luxury: thou curſt by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions with inſidious joy
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own.
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldy woe:
Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and ev'ry part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.

E'en now the devaſtation is begun,
And half the bus'neſs of deſtruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring veſſels ſpread the ſail,
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand.
Contented toil, and hoſpitable care,
And kind connubial tenderneſs are there;
And piety with wiſhes plac'd above,
And ſteady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, ſweet Poetry, thou lovelieſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;

Unfit in theſe degen'rate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride.
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurſe of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well.
Farewel, and O, where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow,
Still let thy voice prevailing over time,
Redreſs the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid ſlighted truth with thy perſuaſive ſtrain;
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain:
Teach him that ſtates of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Though very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

FOUR ELEGIES;

Deſcriptive and Moral.

SCOTT.

ELEGY I.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

STERN winter hence with all his train removes;
And cheerful ſkies and limpid ſtreams are ſeen;
Thick-ſprouting foliage decorates the groves;
Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yet lovelier ſcenes ſhall crown th' advancing year,
When blooming ſpring's full bounty is diſplay'd:
The ſmile of beauty ev'ry vale ſhall wear;
The voice of ſong enliven ev'ry ſhade.

O fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
Oft for the proſpects ſprightly MAY ſhould yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or ſnows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But ſhould kind ſpring her wonted bounty ſhow'r,
The ſmile of beauty and the voice of ſong;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,
E'en vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I ſhun the ſcenes where madd'ning paſſion raves,
Where pride and folly high dominion hold,

And unrelenting avarice drives her ſlaves
O'er proſtrate virtue in purſuit of gold;

The graſſy lane, the wood-ſurrounded field,
The rude ſtone fence with fragrant wall-flow'rs gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleaſure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes diſplay:

And yet e'en here amid theſe ſecret ſhades,
Theſe ſimple ſcenes of unreprov'd delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breaſt invades,
And death's dread dart is ever in my ſight.

While genial ſuns to genial ſhow'rs ſucceed;
(The air all mildneſs, and the earth all bloom):
While herds and flocks range ſportive o'er the mead,
Crop the ſweet herb, and ſnuff the rich perfume:

O why alone to hapleſs man deny'd
To taſte the bliſs inferior beings boaſt?
O why this fate that fear and pain divide
His few ſhort hours on earth's delightful coaſt?

Ah ceaſe——no more of Providence complain?
'Tis ſenſe of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
And palls each joy by heav'n indulg'd below:

Why elſe the ſmiling infant-train ſo bleſt,
Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,
Or wild deſire inflames the youthful breaſt,
Or ill propenſion ripens into ſin?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the ſportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys ſincere the ſeaſons yield,
And all their days and all their proſpects pleaſe;

Such joys were mine when from the peopled ſtreets,
Where on THAMESIS' banks I liv'd immur'd,
The new-blown fields that breath'd a thouſand ſweets,
To SURRY's wood-crown'd hills my ſteps allur'd:

O happy hours, beyond recov'ry fled!
What ſhare I now "that can your loſs repay,"
While o'er my mind theſe glooms of thought are ſpread,
And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no power this darkneſs to remove?
The long-loſt joys of EDEN to reſtore?
Or raiſe our views to happier ſeats above,
Where fear, and pain, and death, ſhall be no more?

Yes, thoſe there are who know a SAVIOUR's love
The long-loſt joys of EDEN can reſtore,
And raiſe their views to happier ſeats above,
Where fear, and pain, and death ſhall be no more.

Theſe grateful ſhare the gift of nature's hand;
And in the varied ſcenes that round them ſhine,
(The fair, the rich, the awful, and the grand)
Admire th' amazing workmanſhip divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamell'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the riv'let ſtrays,

Sports not an inſect on the ſpicy gale,
But claims their wonder and excites their praiſe.

For them e'en vernal nature looks more gay,
For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
To them more fair the faireſt ſmile of day,
To them more ſweet the ſweeteſt breath of morn.

They feel the bliſs that hope and faith ſupply;
They paſs ſerene th' appointed hours that bring
The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
The day that centres in eternal Spring.

ELEGY II.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT SUMMER, 1757.

THREE hours from noon the paſſing ſhadow ſhows,
The ſultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows,
And human nature ſcarce its rage ſuſtains.

Now ſtill and vacant is the duſty ſtreet,
And ſtill and vacant where yon fields extend,
Save where thoſe ſwains, oppreſt with toil and heat,
The graſſy harveſt of the mead attend.

Loſt is the lively aſpect of the ground,
Low are the ſprings, the reedy ditches dry:
No verdant ſpot in all the vale is found,
Save what yon ſtream's unfailing ſtores ſupply.

Where are the flow'rs that made the garden gay?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their ſtems relax, faſt fall their leaves away,
They fade and mingle with their duſty bed:

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
What AFRIC's wilds, or PERU's fields diſplay,
Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild nature's heart-reviving ſong,
That fill'd in genial ſpring the verdant bow'rs?
Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
Pine thro' this long, long courſe of ſultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliſs by Summer brought?
The walk along the riv'let-water'd vale!
The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught,
The ſun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary ſoul imagination cheers,
Her pleaſing colours paint the future gay;
Time paſſes on, the truth itſelf appears,
The pleaſing colours inſtant fade away:

In diff'rent ſeaſons diff'rent joys we place,
And theſe ſhall Spring ſupply, and Summer theſe;
Yet frequent ſtorms the bloom of Spring deface,
And Summer ſcarcely brings a day to pleaſe.

O for ſome ſecret, ſhady, cool receſs!
Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darkſome trees,

Where thick damp walls this raging heat repreſs,
Where the long aiſle invites the lazy breeze.

But why theſe plaints!—Amid his waſtes of ſand,
Far more than this the wand'ring ARAB feels;
Far more the INDIAN in COLUMBUS' land,
While Phœbus o'er him rolls his fiery wheels:

Far more the ſenſible of mind ſuſtains,
Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or ſhame;
The hopeleſs lover, bound in beauty's chains,
And he, whom envy robs of hard-earn'd fame:

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
Or lovely conſort loſt in early bloom:
He, whom the dreaded rage of fever burns,
Or ſlow diſeaſe leads ling'ring to the tomb.

Leſt man ſhould ſink beneath the preſent pain;
Leſt man ſhould triumph in the preſent joy;
For him th' unvarying "laws of Heaven ordain"
Hope in his ills, and to his bliſs alloy.

Fierce and oppreſſive is the ſun we ſhare,
Yet not unuſeful to our humid ſoil;
Hence ſhall our fruits a richer flavour bear,
Hence ſhall our plains with riper harveſts ſmile:

Reflect and be content—for mankind's good
Heav'n gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
To-morrow ceaſeleſs ſhow'rs may ſwell the flood,
Nor ſoon yon ſun riſe blazing fierce again:

E'en now behold the grateful change at hand,
Hark, in the eaſt loud bluſt'ring gales ariſe;
Wide, and more wide the dark'ning clouds expand,
And diſtant light'nings flaſh along the ſkies.

O in the awful concert of the ſtorm,
While hail and rain, and wind and thunder join!
Let the Great Ruler's praiſe my ſong inform,
Let wonder, rev'rence, gratitude, be mine.

ELEGY III.

WRITTEN IN HARVEST.

FAREWEL the pleaſant violet-ſcented ſhade,
The primros'd hill, and daiſy mantled mead,
The furrow'd land with ſpringing corn array'd,
The ſunny wall with bloomy branches ſpread;

Farewel the bow'r with bluſhing roſes gay,
Farewel the fragrant trefoil-purpled field;
Farewel the walk through rows of new-mown hay,
When ev'ning breezes mingled odours yield;

Farewel to theſe:—now round the lonely farms,
Where jocund plenty deigns to fix her ſeat;
Th' autumnal landſcape, op'ning all its charms,
Declares kind nature's annual work complete.

In diff'rent parts what diff'rent views delight,
Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;

Or where the bearded barley, dazzling white,
Spreads o'er the ſteepy ſlope or wide champaign.

The ſmile of morning gleams along the hills,
And wakeful labour calls her ſons abroad;
They leave with cheerful looks their lowly vills,
And bid the fields reſign their ripen'd load.

To various taſks addreſs the ruſtic band,
And here the ſcythe, and there the ſickle wield,
Or rear the new-bound ſheaves along the land;
Or range in heaps the produce of the field.

Some build the ſhocks, ſome load the ſpacious wains,
Some lead to ſhelt'ring barns the fragrant corn;
Some form tall ricks, that tow'ring o'er the plains,
For many a mile the rural yards adorn.

Th' incloſure gates thrown open all around,
The ſtubble's peopled by the gleaning throng,
The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
And joyful ſwains that raiſe the clam'rous ſong.

Soon mark glad harveſt o'er.—Ye rural lords
Whoſe wide domains o'er ALBION's iſle extend;
Think whoſe kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to Heav'n your grateful praiſe aſcend.

For tho' no gift ſpontaneous of the ground
Roſe theſe fair crops that made your valleys ſmile,
Tho' the blithe youth of ev'ry hamlet round,
Purſu'd for theſe thro' many a day their toil;

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares ſupply
Bright ſuns, or ſoft'ning ſhow'rs, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the ſky?

For Providence decrees that we obtain
With toil, each bleſſing deſtin'd to our uſe;
But means to teach us that our toil is vain,
If He the bounty of his hand refuſe.

Yet ALBION, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this ſad truth the bluſhing muſe betrays,
More frequent echoes o'er thy harveſt lands
The voice of riot than the voice of praiſe.

Prolific tho' thy fields, and mild thy clime,
Know realms once fam'd for fields and climes as fair,
Have fell the prey of famine, war, and time,
And now no ſemblance of their glory bear.

Aſk PALESTINE, proud ASIA's early boaſt,
Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil,
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coaſt,
Where the glad ſwains that till'd her fertile ſoil?

Aſk, and behold, and mourn her hapleſs fall;
Where roſe fair towns, where wav'd the golden grain,
Thrown on the naked rock and mould'ring wall,
Pale want and ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where JORDAN's valleys ſmil'd in living green,
Where SHARON's flow'rs diſclos'd their varied hues;
The wand'ring pilgrim views the alter'd ſcene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Aſk GRECIA, mourning o'er her ruin'd tow'rs;
Where now the proſpects charm'd her bards of old,
Her corn-clad mountains and elyſian bow'rs;
And ſilver ſtreams thro' fragrant meadows roll'd.

Where freedom's praiſe along the vale was heard,
And town to town return'd the fav'rite ſound;
Where patriot-war her awful ſtandard rear'd,
And brav'd the millions PERSIA pour'd around;

There freedom's praiſe no more the valley cheers,
There patriot-war no more her banner waves;
Nor bard, nor ſage, nor martial chief appears,
But ſtern barbarians rule a land of ſlaves.

Of mighty realms are ſuch the poor remains,
Of mighty realms that fell when mad with pow'r,
They lur'd each vice to revel on their plains;
Each monſter doom'd their offspring to devour!

O ALBION! wouldſt thou ſhun their mournful fates,
To ſhun their follies and their crimes be thine;
And woo to linger in thy fair retreats,
The radiant Virtues, progeny divine!

Bright Truth, the nobleſt of the ſacred band,
Sweet Peace, whoſe brow no ruffling frown deforms,
Fair Charity, with ever-open hand,
And Courage, ſmiling 'midſt a thouſand ſtorms.

O haſte to grace our Iſle, ye lovely train;
So may the Pow'r whoſe hand all bleſſing yields,
Give her fam'd glories ever to remain,
And crown with annual wealth her laughing fields.

ELEGY IV.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

THE ſun far ſouthward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-eaſt wind lays the foreſt bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked ſpray,
And dreary Winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is ſeen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
Save the dark leaves of ſome rude evergreen,
Save the lone red-breaſt on the moſs-grown wall.

Where are the ſprightly ſcenes by Spring ſupply'd,
The May-flower'd hedges ſcenting ev'ry breeze;
The white flocks ſcatt'ring o'er the mountain ſide,
The woodlark warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay Summer's ſportive inſect train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?
The herd at morn wide-paſturing o'er the plain,
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow'd ſhade?

Where is brown Autumn's ev'ning, mild and ſtill,
What time the ripen'd corn freſh fragrance yields,
What time the village peoples all the hill,
And loud ſhouts echo o'er the harveſt fields?

To former ſcenes our fancy thus returns,
To former ſcenes that little pleas'd when here!
Our Winter chills us, and our Summer burns,
Yet we diſlike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then reſtleſs fancy flies,
Where INDIAN ſtreams thro' green ſavannahs flow;
Where brighter ſuns and ever-tranquil ſkies,
Bid new fruits ripen, and new flow'rets blow.

Let truth theſe fairer, happier lands ſurvey,
There half the year deſcends in wat'ry ſtorms;
Or nature ſickens in the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the ſun-burnt plain deforms.

There oft as toiling in the mazy fields,
Or homeward paſſing on the ſhadeleſs way,
His joyleſs life the weary lab'rer yields,
And inſtant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of nature free from nature's ſtrife?
Who dreams of conſtant happineſs below?

The hope-flush'd ent'rer on the ſtage of life;
The youth to knowledge unchaſtis'd by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by falſe hope in ſearch of many a joy;
I find in earth's bleak clime no bleſt abode,
No place, no ſeaſon ſacred from annoy.

For me, while Winter rages round the plains,
With his dark days I'll human life compare;
Not thoſe more fraught with clouds, and winds, and rains,
Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O whence this wond'rous turn of mind our fate!
Whate'er the ſeaſon or the place poſſeſt,
We ever murmur at our preſent ſtate;
And yet the thought of parting breaks our reſt:

Why elſe, when heard in ev'ning's ſolemn gloom,
Does the ſad knell that, ſounding o'er the plain,
Tolls ſome poor lifeleſs body to the tomb,
Thus thrill my breaſt with melancholy pain?

The voice of reaſon echoes in my ear,
Thus thou ere long muſt join thy kindred clay;
No more theſe "noſtrils breathe the vital air,"
No more theſe eyelids open on the day.

O Winter, round me ſpread thy joyleſs reign,
Thy threat'ning ſkies in duſky horrors dreſt:

Of thy dread rage no longer I'll complain,
Nor aſk an EDEN for a tranſient gueſt.

Enough has heaven indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat:
Enough has heav'n ordain'd of uſeful woe,
To make us languiſh for a happier ſeat,

There is, who deems all climes, all ſeaſons fair,
There is, who knows no reſtleſs paſſion's ſtrife;
Contentment, ſmiling at each idle care;
Contentment, thankful for the gift of life;

She finds in Winter many a ſcene to pleaſe;
The morning landſcape fring'd with froſt-work gay,
The ſun at noon ſeen thro' the leafleſs trees,
The clear calm ether at the cloſe of day.

She marks th' advantage ſtorms and clouds beſtow,
When bluſt'ring TAURUS purifies the air,
When moiſt AQUARIUS pours the fleecy ſnow,
That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harveſt bear:

She bids for all our grateful praiſe ariſe,
To him whoſe mandate ſpake the world to form;
Gave Springs gay bloom, and Summer's cheerful ſkies,
And Autumn's corn-clad field, and Winter's ſounding ſtorm.

HYMN

FROM PSALM VIII.

ALMIGHTY Pow'r, amazing are thy ways!
Above our knowledge, and above our praiſe!
How all thy works thy excellence diſplay!
How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!
Thy hand yon wide-extended heaven uprais'd,
Yon wide-extended heaven with ſtars emblaz'd,
Where each bright orb, ſince time his courſe begun,
Has roll'd a mighty world, or ſhin'd a ſun:
Stupendous thought! how ſinks all human race!
A point, an atom in the field of ſpace!
Yet e'en to us, O LORD, thy care extends,
Thy bounty feeds us, and thy pow'r defends;
Yet e'en to us, as delegates of Thee,
Thou giv'ſt dominion over land and ſea;
Whate'er, or walks on earth, or flits in air;
Whate'er of life the wat'ry regions bear;
All theſe are ours, and for th' extenſive claim,
We owe due homage to thy Sacred Name!
Almighty Pow'r! how wond'rous are thy ways!
How far above our knowledge and our praiſe!

AN ELEGY,

DESCRIBING THE SORROW OF AN INGENUOUS MIND, ON THE MELANCHOLY EVENT OF A LICENTIOUS AMOUR.

SHENSTONE.

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his downcaſt eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to ſhine;
Thy cheerful meads reprove that ſwelling ſigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Bleſs'd in thy ſong, and bleſs'd in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, and that enchants the fair;

Damon, ſaid he, thy partial praiſe reſtrain;
Not Damon's friendſhip can my peace reſtore;
Alas! his very praiſe awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded boſom bleeds the more.

For O! that nature on my birth had frown'd!
Or fortune fix'd me to ſome lowly cell!
Then had my boſom 'ſcap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid theſe vernal ſweets farewel.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliſs admir'd;
In fortune's train the ſyren flatt'ry ſmil'd,
And raſhly hallow'd all her queen inſpir'd.

Of folly ſtudious, e'en of vices vain,
Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileleſs daughters of the plain!
Nor dropp'd the chace till Jeſſy was my prey.

Poor, artleſs maid! to ſtain thy ſpotleſs name,
Expence, and art, and toil, united ſtrove;
To lure a breaſt that felt the pureſt flame,
Suſtain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the ſcience of love's mazy wiles,
I cloth'd each feature with affected ſcorn;
I ſpoke of jealous doubts, and fickle ſmiles,
And feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to diſprove;
I bade my words their wonted ſoftneſs wear,
And feiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the reſt?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline;
Aſſur'd that virtue, by misfortune preſt,
Feeds not the ſharpneſs of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing ſhame!
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When ſcorn'd of virtue, ſtigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet deſponding Jeſſy lay.

"Henry," ſhe ſaid, "by thy dear form ſubdu'd,
See the ſad relics of a nymph undone;

I find, I find this riſing ſob renew'd:
I ſigh in ſhades, and ſicken at the ſun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,
When will the morn's once pleaſing ſcenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray ſupply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?

Alas! no more the joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of ſpotleſs fame!
For I have ſteep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with ſhame.

The vocal birds that raiſe their matin ſtrain,
The ſportive lambs increaſe my penſive moan;
All ſeem to chaſe me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flow'ry tribes I ſtray,
Where bloom the jes'mines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they ſay,
For we are ſpotleſs, Jeſſy, we are pure.

Ye flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph ſo frail,
Say, could you with my virgin fame compare?
The brighteſt bud that ſcents the vernal gale,
Was not ſo fragrant, and was not ſo fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and faulters ev'ry tongue,
That bids the morn propitious ſmile on me.

Thus for your ſake I ſhun each human eye;
I bid the ſweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languiſh, but I dread to die,
Leſt my ſad fate ſhould nouriſh pangs for you.

Raiſe me from earth; the pains of want remove,
And let me ſilent ſeek ſome friendly ſhore;
There, only baniſh'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtues ſhall relapſe no more.

Be but my friend! I aſk no dearer name;
Be ſuch the meed of ſome more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chaſe my ſhame,
That pity gave what love refus'd to ſhare.

Force not my tongue to aſk its ſcanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jeſſy to the vulgar crew;
Not ſo the parent's board at which I fed!
Not ſuch the precept from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has ſilver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to ſcorn ſo mean a ſpoil:
Envy may ſlight a face no longer fair;
And pity welcome to my native ſoil."

She ſpoke——nor was I born of ſavage race;
Nor could theſe hands a niggard boon aſſign;
Grateful ſhe claſp'd me in a laſt embrace,
And vow'd to waſte her life in pray'rs for mine.

I ſaw her foot the lofty bark aſcend;
I ſaw her breaſt with ev'ry paſſion heave;

I left her, torn from ev'ry earthly friend;
O! hard my boſom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal ſtorm aroſe;
The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain:
O'er the tall maſt the circling ſurges cloſe;
My Jeſſy floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And——ſee my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to ſtop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and inſtruct the gay,
From Jeſſy floating on her wat'ry bier!

THE HERMIT.

PARNELL.

FAR in a wild unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd his days,
Pray'r all his bus'neſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.

A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenor of his ſoul is loſt:

So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſcene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right,
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell, the pilgrim ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern wind had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
And hail, my ſon! the rev'rend ſire reply'd:
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road:
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart;

Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.

Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs;
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thrift of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the livery'd ſervants wait,
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;

His cup was vaniſh'd, for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the fire: when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wily partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſart there.
As near the miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.

At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creaking turn'd the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour thro' their limbs recals;
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine:
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With ſtill remark the pond'ring hermit view'd
In one ſo rich a life ſo poor and rude:
And why ſhould ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling feature in his face!
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before;
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day;
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travels of uncertain thought;

His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.

Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak it's maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
Their courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the hour of bed,
When the grave houſehold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,

And writh'd its neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! What! his only ſon!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.

Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way,
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then plaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.

Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch!——But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet,
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back the gradual plumes diſplay,

The form ethereal burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Though loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and knew not what to do;
Surpriſe in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel——Thy fellow ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.

The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of man be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurpriſe,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?

Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The great vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, this graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from GOD;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run!
But GOD, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent humbled in the duſt,
Now owns, in tears, the puniſhment was juſt.

But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back!
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
Then what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.

On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha, when to mount on high
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky:
The fiery pomp aſcending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

A NIGHT PIECE ON DEATH.

PARNELL.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
Their ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er;
Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way.

I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in ſilver pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangled ſhow
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire;
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe walls the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There paſs with melancholy ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think as ſoftly-ſad you tread,
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life poſſeſt,
And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt.

Thoſe graves with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,
Where toil and poverty repoſe.

The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
(The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame,

Which ere our ſet of friends decay,
Their frequent ſteps may wear away;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
Theſe, all the poor remains of ſtate,
Adorn the rich, or praiſe the great;
Who, while on earth, in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrapp'd with ſhroud
They riſe in viſionary crowds,
And all with ſober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die!

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew;
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.

When men my ſcythe and dart ſupply,
How great a king of fears am I!

They view me like the laſt of things;
They make, and then they dread my ſtings.
Fools! if you leſs provok'd your fears,
No more my ſpectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man would ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate of eaſe,
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.

Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendent cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the ſcutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul thoſe forms of woe:
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their ſuffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring ſun:
Such joy, though far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few and evil years, they waſte;
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

MESSIAH.

POPE.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more——O thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Wrapt into future times the bard begun,
A virgin ſhall conceive, a virgin bear a Son!
From Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' æthereal Spirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcend the myſtic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhower!
The ſick and weak, the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heaven deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn;
O ſpring to light, Auſpicious Babe, be born!
See nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:

See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance,
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Sharon riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies:
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſart cheers;
Prepare the way! A GOD, a GOD appears!
A GOD! a GOD! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, riſe!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day;
'Tis he th' obſtructed path of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap, exulting, like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur, the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture, and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms:

Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the proud faulchion in a plowſhare end:
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſarts with ſurpriſe
Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir, and ſhapely box adorn;
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk, and ſpeckled ſnake;
Pleas'd, the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongues ſhall innocently play.

Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial SALEM, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with product of Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idumé's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and GOD's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away,
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains;
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own Meſſiah reigns!

AN ELEGY,

Written in a Country Church-Yard.

GRAY.

THE curfeu tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her ev'ning care,
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, to theſe impute the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn aiſle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtory'd urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire,

Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unrol;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride,
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learnt to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet e'en theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their names, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply;
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires,
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate.

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
"Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,

"Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
"To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
"That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
"His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch.
"And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
"Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
"Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
"Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

"One morn I miſs'd him on the 'cuſtom'd hill,
"Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
"Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
"Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due in ſad array,
"Slow thro' the church-yard path we ſaw him borne.
"Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
"Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

The Epitaph.

"HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
"Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
"And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

"Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
"Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend;
"He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
"He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

"No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
"Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
"(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
"The boſom of his Father and his God."

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF WARWICK.

TICKELL.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muſe hath ſtaid,
And left her debt to Addiſon unpaid;
Blame not her ſilence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, O judge, my boſom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verſe that real woe inſpires:
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the diſmal night, that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the manſions of the dead,

Through breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire;
The pealing organ, and the ſolemn choir:
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid,
And the laſt words that duſt to duſt convey'd!
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear, departed friend!
O, gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And ſleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague!

To ſtrew freſh laurels, let the taſk be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy ſacred ſhrine;
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment unchaſtis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aiſles alone,
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form'd the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with ſcars; and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;

Juſt men by whom impartial laws were giv'n:
And ſaints who taught and led the way to heav'n.
Ne'er to theſe chambers where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit, or more welcome ſhade.

In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind?
A winged virtue thro' th' æthereal ſky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold ſeraphs tell,
How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell?
Or mix'd with milder cherubim to glow
In hymns of love, not ill aſſay'd below?
Or doſt thou warn poor mortals left behind;
A taſk well ſuited to thy gentle mind?
O, if ſometimes thy ſpotleſs form deſcend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When age miſguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain diſtreſſes, or when pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliſs ſhall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form (which, ſo the heav'n's decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill deplor'd by me)
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.

If bus'neſs calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If penſive to the rural ſhades I rove,
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of juſt and good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truths, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong;
There patient ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſincere;
There taught us how to live; and (O! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructure grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, whene'er thy bow'r appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide ſhadow, and thy ev'ning breeze!
His image thy forſaken bow'rs reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;
No more the ſummer in thy gloom's allay'd,
Thy ev'ning breezes, and thy noon-day ſhade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muſe's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him who taught me how to ſing;
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence they attempt to mourn.

O! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addiſon ſucceeds)
The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!
Theſe words divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring ſage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair, whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues; each other's boaſt! farewel.
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

REFLECTIONS.

BY A CLERGYMAN IN VIRGINIA,

RETURNING HOME FROM HIS DUTY IN A GLOOMY NIGHT.

COME, heav'nly penſive Contemplation, come,
Poſſeſs my ſoul, and ſolemn thoughts inſpire?
The ſacred hours, that with too ſwift a wing
Inceſſant hurry by, nor quite elaps'd,
Demand a ſerious cloſe; then be my ſoul
Sedate and ſolemn, as this gloom of night
That thickens round me. Free from care, compos'd
Be all my ſoul, as this dread ſolitude,

Through which with gloomy joy I make my way.
Above theſe clouds, above the ſpacious ſky,
In whoſe vaſt arch theſe cloudy oceans roll,
Diſpenſing fatneſs to the world below;
There dwells the MAJESTY, whoſe ſingle hand
Props univerſal nature, and who deals
His liberal bleſſings to this little globe,
The reſidence of worms; where Adam's ſons,
Thoughtleſs of him who taught their ſouls to think,
Ramble in vain purſuits. The hoſts of heav'n,
Cherubs and ſeraphs, potentates and thrones,
Array'd in glorious light, hover on wing
Before his throne, and wait his ſov'reign nod:
With active zeal, with ſacred rapture fir'd,
To his extenſive empire's utmoſt bound
They bear his orders, and his charge perform.
Yet He, e'en He (ye miniſters of flame,
Admire the condeſcenſion and the grace!)
Employs a mortal form'd of meaneſt clay,
Debas'd by ſin, whoſe beſt deſert is hell,
Employs him to proclaim a SAVIOUR's name,
And offer pardon to a rebel world.
This day my tongue, the glory of my frame,
Enjoy'd the honour of his advocate:
Immortal ſouls, of more tranſcendent worth
Than Ophir, or Peru's exhauſtleſs mines,
Are truſted to my care. Important truſt!
What if ſome wretched ſoul (tremendous thought!)
Once favour'd with the goſpel's joyful ſound,
Now loſt, for ever loſt through my neglect,
In dire infernal glooms, with flaming tongue,

Be heaping execrations on my head,
Whilſt here ſecure I dream my life away!
What if ſome ghoſt, cut off from life and hope,
With fierce deſpairing eyes upturn'd to heaven,
That wildly ſtare, and witneſs horrors huge,
Be roaring horrid, "LORD, avenge my blood
"On that unpitying wretch, who ſaw me run,
"With full career, the dire enchanting road
"To theſe devouring flames, yet warn'd me not;
"Or faintly warn'd me, and with languid tone,
"And cool harangue, denounced eternal fire,
"And wrath divine!" At the dread ſhocking thought
My ſpirit ſhudders, all my inmoſt ſoul
Trembles and ſhrinks. Sure, if the plaintive cries
Of ſpirits reprobate can reach the ear
Of their great Judge, they muſt be cries like theſe.
But if the meaneſt of that happy choir,
That with eternal ſymphonies ſurround
The heavenly throne, can ſtand, and thus declare,
"I owe it to his care that I am here,
"Next to Almighty grace: his faithful hand,
"Regardleſs of the frowns he might incur,
"Snatch'd me, reluctant, from approaching flames,
"Ready to catch, and burn unquenchable.
"May richeſt grace reward his pious zeal
"With ſome bright manſion in this world of bliſs!"
Tranſporting thought! Then bleſſed be the hand
That form'd my elemantal clay to man,
And ſtill ſupports me! 'Tis worth while to live,
If I may live to purpoſes ſo great.
Awake, my dormant zeal! for ever flame

With gen'rous ardour for immortal ſouls;
And may my head, and tongue, and heart, and all,
Spend and be ſpent in ſervice ſo divine!

BEDLAM.

FITZGERALD.

WHERE proud Auguſta, bleſt with long repoſe,
Her ancient wall, and ruin'd bulwark ſhows;
Cloſe by a verdant plain, with graceful height,
A ſtately fabric riſes to the ſight.
Yet though its parts all elegantly ſhine,
And ſweet proportion crowns the whole deſign;
Though art, in ſtrong expreſſive ſculpture ſhown,
Conſummate art informs the breathing ſtone;
Far other views than theſe within appear,
And woe and horror dwell for ever here.
For ever from the echoing roofs rebounds
A dreadful din of het'rogeneous ſounds;
From this, from that, from ev'ry quarter riſe
Loud ſhouts, and ſullen groans, and doleful cries;
Heart-ſoft'ning plaints demand the pitying tear,
And peals of hideous laughter ſhock the ear.

Thus, when in ſome fair human form we find
The luſts all rampant, and the reaſon blind,
Griev'd we behold ſuch beauty giv'n in vain,
And nature's faireſt work ſurvey with pain.

Within the chambers which this dome contains,
In all her frantic forms Diſtraction reigns,
For when the ſenſe from various objects brings,
Through organs craz'd, the images of things,
Ideas, all extravagant and vain,
In endleſs ſwarms, crowd in upon the brain;
The cheated reaſon true and falſe confounds,
And forms her notions from fantaſtic grounds.
Then if the blood impetuous ſwells the veins,
And choler in the conſtitution reigns,
Outrageous fury ſtraight inflames the ſoul,
Quick beats the pulſe, and fierce the eye-balls roll;
Rattling his chains, the wretch all raving lies,
And roars and foams, and earth and heav'n defies.
Not ſo, when gloomy the black bile prevails,
And lumpiſh phlegm the thicken'd maſs congeals:
All lifeleſs then is the poor patient found,
And fits for ever moping on the ground;
His active pow'rs their uſes all forego,
Nor ſenſes, tongue, nor limbs, their function know:
In melancholy loſt, the vital flame
Informs, and juſt informs, the liſtleſs frame.
If briſk the circulating tides advance,
And nimble ſpirits through the fibres dance,
Then all the images delightful riſe,
The tickled fancy ſparkles through the eyes:
The mortal, all to mirth and joy reſign'd,
In ev'ry geſture ſhows his freakiſh mind;
Frolic and free, he laughs at fortune's pow'r,
And plays a thouſand gambols in an hour.
Now ent'ring in, my Muſe, thy theme purſue,
And all the dome, and each apartment view.

Within this lonely lodge, in ſolemn port,
A ſhiv'ring monarch keeps his awful court;
And far and wide, as boundleſs thought can ſtray,
Extends a vaſt imaginary ſway.
Utopian princes bow before his throne,
Lands unexiſting his dominion own,
And airy realms, and regions in the moon.
The pride of dignity, the pomp of ſtate,
The darling glories of the envy'd great,
Riſe to his view, and in his fancy ſwell,
And guards and courtiers crowd his empty cell.
See how he walks majeſtic through the throng;
(Behind he trails his tatter'd robes along)
And cheaply bleſt, and innocently vain,
Enjoys the dear deluſion of his brain,
In this ſmall ſpot expatiates unconfin'd,
Supreme of monarchs, firſt of human kind.

Such joyful ecſtaſy as this poſſeſt,
On ſome triumphal day, great Cæſar's breaſt;
Great Cæſar, ſcarce beneath the gods ador'd,
The world's proud victor, Rome's imperial lord,
With all his glories in their utmoſt height,
And all his pow'r diſplay'd before his ſight;
Unnumber'd trophies grace the pompous train,
And captive kings indignant drag their chain.
With laurel'd enſigns glitt'ring from afar,
His legions, glorious partners of the war,
His conq'ring legions march behind the golden car:
Whilſt ſhouts on ſhouts from gather'd nations riſe,
And endleſs acclamations rend the ſkies.

For this to vex mankind with dire alarms,
Urging with rapid ſpeed his reſtleſs arms,
From clime to clime the mighty madman flew,
Nor taſted quiet, nor contentment knew;
But ſpread wild ravage all the world abroad,
The plague of nations, and the ſcourge of GOD.

Poor Cloe—whom yon little cell contains,
Of broken vows and faithleſs man complains:
Her heaving boſom ſpeaks her inward woe;
Her tears in melancholy ſilence flow.
Yet ſtill her fond deſires tumultuous riſe,
Melt her ſad ſoul, and languiſh in her eyes,
And from her wild ideas as they rove,
To all the tender images of love;
And ſtill ſhe ſooths and feeds the flatt'ring pain,
Falſe as he is, ſtill, ſtill ſhe loves her ſwain;
To hopeleſs paſſions yields her heart a prey;
And ſighs and ſings the livelong hours away.

So mourns th' impriſon'd lark his hapleſs fate,
In love's ſoft ſeaſon raviſh'd from his mate;
Fondly fatigues his unavailing rage,
And hops and flutters round and round his cage;
And moans and droops, with pining grief oppreſt,
Whilſt ſweet complainings warble from his breaſt.

Lo! here a wretch to avarice reſign'd,
'Midſt gather'd ſcraps, and ſhreds, and rags confin'd;
His riches theſe——for theſe he rakes and ſpares,
Theſe rack his boſom, theſe engroſs his cares;

O'er theſe he broods, for ever void of reſt,
And hugs the ſneaking paſſion of his breaſt.
See, from himſelf the ſordid niggard ſteals,
Reſerves large ſcantlings from his ſlender meals;
Scarce to his bowels half their due affords,
And ſtarves his carcaſe to increaſe his hoards,
Till to huge heaps the treaſûr'd offals ſwell,
And ſtink in ev'ry corner of his cell.
And thus with wond'rous wiſdom he purveys
Againſt contingent want and rainy days,
And ſcorns the fools that dread not to be poor,
But eat their morſel, and enjoy their ſtore.

Behold a ſage! immers'd in thought profound:
For ſcience he, for various ſkill renown'd.
At no mean ends his ſpeculations aim,
(Vile pelf he ſcorns, nor covets empty fame)
The public good, the welfare of mankind
Employ the gen'rous labour of his mind.
For this his rich imagination teems
With rare inventions and important ſchemes;
All day his cloſe attention he applies,
Nor gives he midnight ſlumbers to his eyes;
Content of this, his toilſome ſtudies crown,
And for the world's repoſe neglects his own.
All nature's ſecret cauſes he explores,
The laws of motion, and mechanic pow'rs;
Hence e'en the elements his art obey,
O'er earth, o'er fire, he ſpreads his wond'rous ſway,
And thro' the liquid ſky, and o'er the wat'ry way.

Hence ever pregnant with ſome vaſt deſign,
He drains the moor-land, or he ſinks the mine,
Or levels lofty mountains to the plain,
Or ſtops the roaring torrents of the main;
Forc'd up by fire he bids the water riſe,
And points its courſe reverted to the ſkies,
His ready fancy ſtill ſupplies the means,
Forces his tools, and fixes his machines,
Erects his ſluices, and his mounds ſuſtains,
And whirls perpetual windmills in his brains.
All problems has his lively thought ſubdu'd,
Meaſur'd the ſtars, and found the longitude,
And ſquar'd the circle, and the tides explain'd;
The grand arcanum once he had attain'd,
Had quite attain'd, but that a pipkin broke,
And all his golden hopes expir'd in ſmoke.
And once, his ſoul inflam'd with patriot zeal,
A ſcheme he finiſh'd for his country's weal:
This in a private conference made known,
A ſtateſman ſtole, and us'd it for his own,
And then, O baſeneſs! the deceit ſo blind,
Our poor projector in this jail confin'd.

The Muſe forbears to viſit ev'ry cell,
Each form, each object of diſtreſs to tell;
To ſhow the fopling, curious in his dreſs,
Gaily trick'd out in gaudy raggedneſs:
The poet, ever wrapt in glorious dreams
Of Pagan gods and Heliconian ſtreams;
The wild enthuſiaſt, that deſpairing ſees
Predeſtin'd wrath, and heaven's ſevere decrees;

Thro' theſe, thro' more ſad ſcenes ſhe grieves to go,
And paint the whole variety of woe.

Mean time, on theſe reflect with kind concern,
And hence this juſt, this uſeful leſſon learn:
If ſtrong deſires thy reas'ning pow'rs control;
If arbitrary paſſions ſway thy ſoul;
If pride, if envy, if the luſt of gain;
If wild ambition in thy boſom reign,
Alas! thou vaunt'ſt thy ſober ſenſe in vain:
In theſe poor Bedlamites thyſelf ſurvey,
Thyſelf, leſs innocently mad than they.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

GAY.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a ſwain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;
In ſummer's heat and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wiſdom, and his honeſt fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wiſe Ulyſſes, thrown,
By various feats, on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The Shepherd modeſtly reply'd;
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes;
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe;
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry.

Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.
In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove;
The hen who from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care;
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I took my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air,
In converſation overbear.
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, muſt talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly;
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious ſlight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate;
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.

Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And from the moſt minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is juſt, the ſage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who ſtudies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

A DESCRIPTION
OF A
MAN PERISHING IN THE SNOW.

FROM WHENCE REFLECTIONS ARE RAISED ON THE MISERIES OF LIFE.

THOMSON.

As thus the ſnows ariſe; and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own looſe-revolving fields, the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow; and other ſcenes,
Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain:

Nor finds the river, nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing through the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track, and bleſt abode of man;
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And ev'ry tempeſt howling o'er his head,
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent, beyond the pow'r of froſt,
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and what is land, unknown,
What water, of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps, and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh nature ſhoots
Through the wrung boſom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares

The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children peeping out
Into the mingled ſtorm, demand their fire
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On ev'ry nerve
The deadly winter ſeizes; ſhuts up ſenſe;
And o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffen'd corſe
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.

Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, pow'r, and affluence ſurround,
They who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah little think they, as they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment death
And all the ſad variety of pain.
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty. How many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop

In deep retir'd diſtreſs. How many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh. Thought fond man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear ariſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

A THAW.

THOMSON.

MUTT'RING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-bluſt'ring from the ſouth. Subdu'd,
The froſt reſolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains ſhine; looſe ſleet deſcends,
And floods the country round. The rivers ſwell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods in broad brown cataracts,
A thouſand ſnow-fed torrents ſhoot at once!
And where they ruſh, the wide reſounding plain
Is left one ſlimy waſte. Thoſe ſullen ſeas

That waſh'd th' ungenial pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty north;
But, rouſing all their waves, reſiſtleſs heave.
And hark! the length'ning roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it burſts,
And piles a thouſand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, toſt amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the ſhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting wearineſs,
The roar of winds and waves, the cruſh of ice,
Now ceaſing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train in dreadful ſport
Tempeſt the looſen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhoſpitable ſhore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famiſh'd monſters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that *ever-waking* eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals loſt to hope, and lights them ſafe
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE, FROM A REVIEW OF WINTER.

THOMSON.

'TIS done! dread Winter ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond man;
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! Virtue ſole ſurvives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high. And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven and earth! awak'ning nature hears
The *new-creating word*, and ſtarts to life,
In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal ſcheme*,

Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To reaſon's eye refin'd, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that Power,
And Wiſdom oft arraign'd; ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaſſuming worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In ſtarving ſolitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay ſtraining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of ſuperſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that imboſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd evil is no more:
The ſtorms of wintry Time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, theſe,
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide fluſh the fields; the ſoft'ning air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And ev'ry ſenſe, and ev'ry heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy ſun
Shoots full perfection through the ſwelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſp'ring gales
Thy bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and ſtorms
Around thee thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, thou bid'ſt the world adore,
And humbleſt nature with thy northern blaſt.

Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in theſe appear; a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoft'ning into ſhade:

And all ſo forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wand'ring oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep: ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring;
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.

Nature attend! join ev'ry living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and ardent, raiſe
One gen'ral ſong! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe Spirit in your freſhneſs breathes:
O talk of Him in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heav'n
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound his ſtupendous praiſe, whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Soft roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs,
In mingled clouds to Him, whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to Him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round:
On nature write with every beam his praiſe.
The thunder rolls; be huſh'd the proſtrate world:
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills: ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive low,
Ye valleys, raiſe; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unſuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake! a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela charm
The liſt'ning ſhades, and teach the night his praiſe.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft breaking clear,

At ſolemn pauſes, through the ſwelling baſe;
And as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardour riſe to heaven.
Or if you rather chooſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in ev'ry ſacred grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the GOD of Seaſons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the Summer-ray
Ruſſets the plain, *inſpiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the black'ning eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the furtheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barb'rous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since GOD is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes there muſt be joy.
When e'en at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey: there with new pow'rs,
Will riſing wonders ſing. I cannot go
Where Univerſal Love not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſons
From *ſeeming evil* ſtill educing *good*,

And *better* thence again, and *better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion. But I loſe
Myſelf in him, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then expreſſive ſilence, muſe his praiſe.

REAPING,

AND A TALE RELATIVE TO IT.

THOMSON.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers ſtand,
In fair array; each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameleſs gentle offices her toil.
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the luſty ſheaves:
While through their cheerful band the rural talk
Flies harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time,
And ſteal unfelt the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, builds up the ſhocks;
And, conſcious, glancing oft on ev'ry ſide
His ſated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after ſpike, their ſcanty harveſt pick.
Be not too narrow, huſbandmen! but fling
From the full ſheaf, with charitable ſtealth,
The lib'ral handful. Think, O grateful think!

How good the God of Harveſt is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While theſe unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And aſk their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your ſons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune ſmil'd deceitful on her birth.
For, in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry ſtay, ſave innocence and heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd,
Together thus they ſhun'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,

Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of ev'ning, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs: for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe embow'ring woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia; till at length compell'd
By ſtrong neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the gen'rous and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her pow'r, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her downcaſt modeſty conceal'd.

That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd.

"What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
"By beauty kindled, where enliv'ning ſenſe
"And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
"Should be devoted to the rude embrace
"Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
"Of old Acaſto's line; and to my mind
"Recals that patron of my happy life,
"From whom my lib'ral fortune took its riſe;
"Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
"And once fair-ſpreading family diſſolv'd.
"'Tis ſaid, that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
"Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
"Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
"His aged widow and his daughter live,
"Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
"Romantic wiſh! would this his daughter were!"

When, ſtrict inquiring, from herſelf he found,
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in ſhiv'ring tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,

Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighted at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, paſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.

" And art thou then Acaſto's dear remains?
" She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
" So long in vain: O heavens! the very ſame,
" The ſoften'd image of my noble friend,
" Alive his ev'ry look, his ev'ry feature,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring
" Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
" That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
" In what ſequeſter'd deſart haſt thou drawn
" The kindeſt aſpect of delighted heaven?
" Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair;
" Though poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
" Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
" O let me now, into a richer ſoil
" Tranſplant thee ſafe, where vernal ſuns and ſhow'rs
" Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
" And of my garden be the pride and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, O it ill befits
" Acaſto's daughter, his, whoſe open ſtores,
" Tho' vaſt, where little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
" Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;

" The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine;
" If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
" Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
" That deareſt bliſs, the pow'r of bleſſing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her ev'ning hours,
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

THE ROYAL PENITENT.

DANIEL.

GREAT GOD! with conſcious bluſhes, lo, I come
To cry for pardon, or receive my doom:
But O, I die when I thy anger meet,
Proſtrate I lay my body at thy feet.
How can I dare to ſue for a reprieve?
Muſt I ſtill ſin? and muſt my GOD forgive?
Thy juſtice will not let thy mercy flow,
Strike then, O ſtrike, and give the deadly blow.
Do I ſtill live? and do I live to prove
The inexhauſted tokens of thy love?
This unexampled goodneſs wounds me more,
Than e'en the wrath I merited before.
O, I am all a blot, the fouleſt ſhame
Has ſtain'd my ſceptre, and diſgrac'd my name:
A name which once I could with honour boaſt,
But now—the father of the people's loſt.
Though in the ſecret paths of ſin I trod,
Yet do not quite forſake me, O my GOD!
'Tis thou alone canſt eaſe me of my pain,
Thy healing hand can waſh out ev'ry ſtain,
Can purge my mind, and make the leper clean.
Though darkly thy myſterious prophet ſpoke,
Whilſt from his lips the fatal meſſage broke;
Fix'd and amaz'd I ſtood confounded whole,
Too ſoon his dreadful meaning reach'd my ſoul:

Thou art the man, has fix'd a deadly ſmart,
Thou art the man, lies throbbing at my heart.
I am whate'er thy anger can expreſs,
Nor can my ſorrow make my follies leſs.

Rais'd and exalted to the firſt degree,
Thy heav'nly will had made the monarch free;
Indulg'd in eaſe, I rul'd without control,
And to its utmoſt wiſh enjoy'd my ſoul:
Vain boaſt of pow'r which vaniſh'd into air,
Since I forgot the LORD who fix'd me there.
Was it for this thou gav'ſt the glorious land,
And thy own flock committed to my hand?
Was I the ſhepherd to go firſt aſtray,
Till innocence itſelf became my prey?
Ah! no——the fault was mine, I ſtand alone,
Be thine the praiſe who plac'd me on the throne,
The guilt, the folly, and the ſhame my own.
E'en at my birth the fatal ſtain began,
And growing vice purſu'd me into man:
Too cloſe I follow'd where enticement led,
And in the pleaſing ruin plung'd my head.
How wretched is the man, how loſt his mind,
Whom pleaſures ſoften, and whom paſſions blind!
I ſhould have met the foes with equal fires,
And bravely combated my own deſires;
I ſhould——but O too ſoon I fell, for ſin
Had brib'd my heart, and made a *friend* within.

To plead *ſurpriſal* is a poor abuſe,
What can I ſay to palliate, or excuſe?

I broke through all, though conſcience did her part,
Conſcience, the faithful guardian of the heart;
How vile muſt I appear, how loſt a thing,
The worſt of tyrants, and no more a king.
O, do not thou my abject ſtate deſpiſe,
But let my ſoul find favour in thy eyes;
Though loathſome is my crime, and foul the ſtain,
The humble ſuppliant never kneels in vain.

Amazing terrors in my boſom roll,
And damp the riſing vigour of my ſoul;
'Tis guilt, 'tis conſcious guilt that ſhakes my frame,
That chills my ardour and benights my flame;
Ah! mighty GOD, vouchſafe thy quick'ning ray,
Chaſe from my mind thoſe ſable clouds away,
One kind regard can give again the day.
How few offenders by thy rigour fall,
Thy pity intervenes and ſhelters all;
Let me that vaſt extenſive pity find,
And kindly blot my follies from thy mind:
If e'er my artleſs youth was thy delight,
If e'er my ſoul was precious in thy ſight,
If it is worthy thy paternal care,
Reſtore me to thyſelf, and fix me there:
A gen'rous ardour to my breaſt impart,
And let thy grace divine enlarge my heart.
Then ſhould a thouſand gay deluſions riſe,
Should flatt'ring vice ſit ſmiling in my eyes,
Undaunted I will go my faith to prove,
And give my GOD an inſtance of my love!

The bright temptation ſhall before me flee,
And my untainted ſoul ſhall reſt on thee.

I fear like Saul I have incurr'd thy hate,
And as I fill his throne ſhould ſhare his fate;
Well I remember how th' infernal gueſt
Tumultuous heav'd, and labour'd in his breaſt;
Amaz'd I ſaw his dreadful eye-balls roll,
Whilſt one continued earthquake ſhook his ſoul;
His frantic rage ſubſided as I play'd,
And muſic's ſofter pow'rs the ſpright obey'd.
That potent harp which could the fiend command,
Now drops as uſeleſs from its maſter's hand;
Eternal torments in my boſom rage,
My ſharper griefs no muſic can aſſuage:
'Tis thou alone canſt ſuccour the diſtreſt,
And drive the ſullen fury from my breaſt.
Whene'er the horrid deed I backward trace,
My ſoul rolls inward, and forgets her peace,
Waking I dream, and in the ſilent night
A fearful viſion ſtalks before my ſight;
The pale Uriah walks his dreadful round,
He ſhakes his head, and points to ev'ry wound.
O foul diſgrace to arms! Who now will go
To fight my battles, and repel the foe?
Who now to diſtant climes for fame will roam,
To fall at laſt by treachery at home?
Unhurt the coward may to ages ſtand,
The brave can only die by my command:
O hold my brain, to wild diſtraction wrought,
I will not, cannot bear the painful thought;

O, do not fly me for thy mercies ſake,
Turn thee, O turn, and hear the wretched ſpeak;
E'en, ſelf-condemn'd, thy kneeling ſervant ſave,
And raiſe a drooping monarch from the grave.

Speak, mighty GOD! and bid the ſuppliant live,
Let my charm'd ears but hear the word—*Forgive*;
My muſe ſhall ſpread the joyful tidings round,
And to remoteſt worlds convey the ſound;
Whilſt other ſinners ſhall obedient prove,
And taught by me ſhall wonder at thy love:
No more their minds ignobler fires ſhall warm,
But looſer pleaſures want a pow'r to charm:
My firm reſolve ſhall their example be,
To place their truſt in virtue and in Thee.
By other hands let the mute herd be ſlain,
And on a thouſand altars ſmoke in vain;
Theſe tears my better advocates ſhall be,
No poor atoning man ſhall die for me;
My penitence ſhall act a nobler part,
I bring a broken and a contrite heart;
But O, if ſtricter juſtice muſt be done,
And my relentleſs fate comes rolling on,
I ſtand the mark, whatever is decreed,
Be Iſrael ſafe, and let its monarch bleed:
On me, on me thy utmoſt vengeance take,
But ſpare my people for thy mercies ſake;
O let Jeruſalem to ages ſtand,
Build thou her walls, and ſpread her wide command,
So ſhall thy name for ever be ador'd,
And future worlds like me ſhall bleſs the LORD.

GRONGAR HILL.

DYER.

SILENT Nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy ſiſter Muſe;
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!
Grongar-Hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſcape bright and ſtrong;
Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells
Sweetly muſing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft I have, the even ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon the flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
And ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottos where I lay,
And viſtas ſhooting beams of day:
Wider and wider ſpreads the vale;
As circles on a ſmooth canal:
The mountains round (unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height!)
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe:
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landſcape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open ſcene,
Does the face of nature ſhow,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.

Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the ſkies!
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds,
On the yellow mountain-heads!

Gilds the fleeces of the flocks;
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew,
The ſlender fir that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak with broad-ſpread boughs.
And beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye;
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloth'd with waving wood,
Ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an awful look below!
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs, and weeds,
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.

Yet time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And ſee the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun,
Sometimes ſwift and ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endleſs ſleep!
Thus in nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſcape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky!
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the ſhady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give to each, a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the ev'ning gilds the tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glaſs;
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear:
Graſs and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way,
The preſent's ſtill a cloudy day.

O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee:
Content me with an humble ſhade,
My paſſion tam'd, my wiſhes laid;
For while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh Quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air;
And miſers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;

While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep:
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſic fill the ſky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will:
Search for peace with all your ſkill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
In vain you ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the domes of care!
Along with Peace ſhe's cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide,
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar-Hill.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

GOLDSMITH.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
"And guide my lonely way,
"To where yon taper cheers the vale
"With hoſpitable ray.

"For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
"With fainting ſteps and ſlow;

" Where wilds immeaſurably ſpread,
" Seem length'ning as I go."

" Forbear, my ſon," the hermit cries,
" To tempt the dangerous gloom:
" For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
" To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houſeleſs child of want,
" My door is open ſtill:
" And though my portion is but ſcant,
" I give it with good will.

" Then turn to night, and freely ſhare
" Whate'er my cell beſtows;
" My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
" My bleſſing and repoſe.

" No flocks that range the valley free,
" To ſlaughter I condemn;
" Taught by that Power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's graſſy ſide,
" A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
" A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
" And water from the ſpring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
" All earth-born cares are wrong:
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure,
The lonely manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt.

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſt and ſmil'd;
And ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſooth the ſtranger's woe;

For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſt:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

"From better habitations ſpurn'd,
"Reluctant doſt thou rove:
"Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
"Are trifling and decay;
"And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling ſtill than they.

"And what is friendſhip but a name,
"A charm that lulls to ſleep;
"A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
"But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
"The modern fair one's jeſt;
"On earth unſeen, or only found
"To warm the turtle's neſt.

"For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
"And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpris'd, he ſees new beauties riſe
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies;
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms;
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt,
A maid, in all her charms.

And, "Ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
"A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd;
"Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
"Where heaven and you reſide:

"But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
"Whom love has taught to ſtray;
"Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
"Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
"A wealthy lord was he;
"And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
"He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
"Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
"Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
"And felt or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
"With richeſt proffers ſtrove:

" Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad,
" Nor wealth nor power had he;
" Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
" But theſe were all to me.

" The bloſſom opening to the day,
" The dews of heaven refin'd,
" Could nought of purity diſplay,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
" With charms inconſtant ſhine;
" Their charms were his, but woe to me,
" Their conſtancy was mine.

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain:
" And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain.

" Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
" In ſecret, where he dy'd.

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life ſhall pay;
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
" And ſtretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, deſpairing, hid,
"I'll lay me down and die:
"'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
"And ſo for him will I."

"Forbid it, heaven!" the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſs'd.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
"My charmer, turn to ſee
"Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
"Reſtor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
"And ev'ry care reſign:
"And ſhall we never, never part,
"My life——my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part;
"We'll live and love ſo true;
"The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
"Shall break thy Edwin's too."

EUPOLIS' HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

From the Greek.

WESLEY.

AUTHOR of Being, ſource of light,
With unfading beauties bright,
Fulneſs, goodneſs, rolling round
Thy own fair orb without a bound:
Whether thee thy ſuppliants call
Truth, or Good, or One, or All,
Ei, or Iao: thee we hail,
Eſſence that can never fail,
Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy ſteadfaſt being ſtill the ſame.

Thee, when morning greets the ſkies
With roſy cheeks and humid eyes;
Thee, when ſweet declining day
Sinks in purple waves away;
Thee will I ſing, O parent Jove,
And teach the world to praiſe and love.

Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid ſky,
Earth on its firm baſis plac'd,
And with circling waves embrac'd,
All Creating Pow'r confeſs,
All their mighty Maker bleſs.

Thou ſhak'ſt all nature with thy nod,
See earth, and air, confeſs thee GOD!
Yet does thy pow'rful hand ſuſtain,
Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.

Scarce can our daring thought ariſe
To thy pavilion in the ſkies:
Nor can Plato's ſelf declare
The bliſs, the joy, the rapture there.
Barren above thou doſt not reign,
But circled with a glorious train,
The ſons of GOD, the ſons of light,
Ever joying in thy ſight:
(For thee their ſilver harps are ſtrung)
Ever beauteous, ever young.
Angelic forms their voices raiſe,
And thro' heav'ns arch reſound thy praiſe.

The feather'd fowls that ſwim the air,
And bathe in liquid ether there,
The lark, precentor of their choir,
Leading them higher ſtill and higher,
Liſten and learn; th' angelic notes
Repeating in their warbling throats,
And ere to ſoft repoſe they go,
Teach them to their lords below:
On the green turf, their moſſy neſt,
The ev'ning anthem ſwells their breaſt.
Thus like thy golden chain from high,
Thy praiſe unites the earth and ſky.

Source of light, thou bidſt the ſun
On his burning axle run;
The ſtars like duſt around him fly,
And ſtrew the area of the ſky.
He drives ſo ſwift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move:
So ſmooth his courſe, oblique or ſtraight,
Olympus ſhakes not with his weight.
And as the queen of ſolemn night
Fills at his vaſe the orb of light,
Imparted luſtre: thus we ſee,
The ſolar virtue ſhines by thee.

Eireſione we'll no more,
Imaginary pow'r adore;
Since oil, and wool, and cheerful wine,
And life-ſuſtaining bread are thine.

Thy herbage, O great Pan, ſuſtains
The flocks that graze our Attic plains:
The olive, with freſh verdure crown'd,
Riſes pregnant from the ground;
At thy command it ſhoots and ſprings,
And a thouſand bleſſings brings.
Minerva, only is thy mind,
Wiſdom, and bounty to mankind.
The fragrant thyme, the bloomy roſe,
Herb, and flow'r, and ſhrub that grows
On Theſſalian Tempe's plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,

That treat the taſte, or ſmell, or ſight,
For food, for med'cine, or delight;
Planted by thy parent care,
Spring, and ſmile, and flouriſh there.

O ye nurſes of ſoft dreams,
Reedy brooks, and winding ſtreams,
Or murm'ring o'er the pebbles ſheen,
Or ſliding through the meadows green,
Or where through matted ſedge you creep,
Travelling to your parent deep:
Sound his praiſe, by whom ye roſe,
That ſea, which neither ebbs nor flows.

O ye immortal woods and groves,
Which th' enamour'd ſtudent loves;
Beneath whoſe venerable ſhade,
For thought and friendly converſe made,
Fam'd Hecadem, old hero, lies,
Whoſe ſhrine is ſhaded from the ſkies,
And through the gloom of ſilent night
Projects from far its trembling light.
You, whoſe roots deſcend as low,
As high in air your branches grow:
Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
Bend your heads, in homage bend:
Cedars, and pines, that wave above,
And the oak belov'd of Jove.

Omen, monſter, prodigy,
Or nothing are, or Jove from thee!

Whether various nature play,
Or re-invers'd thy will obey,
And to rebel man declare
Famine, plague, or waſteful war.
Laugh, ye profane, who dare deſpiſe
The threat'ning vengeance of the ſkies,
Whilſt the pious, on his guard,
Undiſmay'd is ſtill prepar'd:
Life or death, his mind's at reſt,
Since what thou ſend'ſt muſt needs be beſt.

No evil can from thee proceed:
'Tis only ſuffer'd, not decreed;
Darkneſs is not from the ſun,
Nor mount the ſhades till he is gone:
Then does night obſcene ariſe
From Erebus, and fill the ſkies;
Fantaſtic forms the air invade,
Daughters of nothing and of ſhade.

Can we forget thy guardian care,
Slow to puniſh, prone to ſpare!
Thou break'ſt the haughty Perſian's pride,
That dar'd old ocean's pow'r deride;
Their ſhipwrecks ſtrew'd the Eubean wave,
At Marathon they found a grave.
O ye bleſt Greeks who there expir'd,
For Greece with pious ardour fir'd,
What ſhrines or altars ſhall we raiſe
To ſecure your endleſs praiſe?

Or need we monuments ſupply,
To reſcue what can never die!

And yet a greater hero far,
(Unleſs great Socrates could err)
Shall riſe to bleſs ſome future day,
And teach to live, and teach to pray.
Come, Unknown Inſtructor, come!
Our leaping hearts ſhall make thee room:
Thou with Jove our vows ſhalt ſhare,
Of Jove and Thee we are the care.

O Father, King, whoſe heavenly face
Shines ſerene on all thy race,
We thy magnificence adore,
And thy well-known aid implore;
Nor vainly for thy help we call;
Nor can we want, for thou art all!

ELEGY ON THE AFRICAN SLAVES.

SHENSTONE.

WHY droops this heart with fancy'd woes forlorn?
Why ſinks my ſoul beneath each wint'ry ſky?
What penſive crowds, by ceaſeleſs labours worn,
What myriads wiſh to be as bleſt as I?

What though my roofs devoid of pomp ariſe,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his deſtin'd way?
Nor coſtly art my flow'ry dales diſguiſe,
Where only ſimple Friendſhip deigns to ſtray?

See the wild ſons of Lapland's chill domain,
That ſcoop their couch beneath the drifted ſnows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the ſharp eaſt for ever, ever blows!

Slave tho' I be, to Delia's eyes a ſlave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The ſigh ſhe cauſes well becomes the brave,
The pang ſhe cauſes 'tis e'en bliſs to bear.

See the poor native quit the Lybian ſhores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant ſmile his dying peace reſtores,
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendſhip, heals his wound.

Let vacant bards diſplay their boaſted woes;
Shall I the mockery of grief diſplay?
No; let the muſe his piercing pangs diſcloſe,
Who bleeds and weeps his ſum of life away!

On the wild beach in mournful guiſe he ſtood,
Ere the ſhrill boatſwain gave the hated ſign;
He dropp'd a tear unſeen into the flood,
He ſtole one ſecret moment to repine.

Yet the muſe liſten'd to the plaints he made,
Such moving plaints as nature could inſpire;
To me the Muſe his tender plea convey'd,
But ſmooth'd and ſuited to the ſounding lyre.

"Why am I raviſh'd from my native ſtrand?
"What ſavage race protects this impious gain?
"Shall foreign plagues infeſt this teeming land,
"And more than ſea-born monſters plough the
"main?

"Here the dire locuſts' horrid ſwarms prevail;
"Here the blue aſps with livid poiſon ſwell;
"Here the dry dipſa writhes his ſinuous mail;
"Can we not here ſecure from envy dwell?

"When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chaſe,
"When the ſtern panther ſought his midnight
"prey,
"What fate reſerv'd me for this Chriſtian race?*
"A race more poliſh'd, more ſevere than they!

"Ye prowling wolves! purſue my lateſt cries;
"Thou hungry tiger! leave thy reeking den;
"Ye ſandy waſtes! in rapid eddies riſe;
"O tear me from the whips and ſcorns of men!

"Yet in their face ſuperior beauty glows:
"Are ſmiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?

* Spoken by a Negro?

" Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
" And e'en religion dwells upon their tongue.

" Of bliſsful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
" Where gentle minds, convey'd by Death, repair;
" But ſtain'd with blood, and crimſon'd o'er with
" crimes,
" Say, ſhall they merit what they paint ſo fair?

" No, careleſs, hopeleſs of thoſe fertile plains,
" Rich by our toils, and by our ſorrows gay,
" They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
" And feign theſe diſtant regions to repay.

" For them our tuſky elephant expires;
" For them we drain the mine's embowell'd gold;
" Where rove the brutal nation's wild deſires?
" Our limbs are purchas'd, and our lives are ſold!

" Yet ſhores there are, bleſs'd ſhores for us remain,
" And favour'd iſles, with golden fruitage crown'd,
" Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
" Where ev'ry breeze ſhall med'cine ev'ry wound.

" There the ſtern tyrant that embitters life,
" Shall, vainly ſuppliant, ſpread his aſking hand;
" There ſhall we view the billows' raging ſtrife,
" Aid the kind breaſt, and waft his boat to land."

THE GRAVE.

BLAIR.

The Houſe appointed for all living. Job.

WHILST ſome affect the ſun, and ſome the ſhade,
Some flee the city, ſome the hermitage:
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the taſk be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb;*
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
Theſe trav'llers meet. Thy ſuccours I implore,
Eternal King! whoſe potent arm ſuſtains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread thing!
Men ſhiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmneſs. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful waſtes:
Where nought but ſilence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was Chaos, ere the infant ſun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The ſickly taper
By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd miſty vaults,
(Fur'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy ſlime)
Lets fall a ſupernumerary horror,
And only ſerves to make thy night more irkſome.
Well do I know thee by thy truſty yew,

Cheerleſs, unſocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midſt ſkulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghoſts, and viſionary ſhades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embody'd, thick, perform their myſtic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midſt the wreck of things which were.
There lie interr'd the more illuſtrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks,
Till now, I never heard a ſound ſo dreary;
Doors creek, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
Rook'd in the ſpire, ſcreams loud; the gloomy aiſles
Black plaſter'd, and hung round with ſhreds of 'ſcutcheons,
And tatter'd coats of arms, ſend back the ſound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The manſions of the dead. Rous'd from their ſlumbers,
In grim array the griſly ſpectres riſe,
Grin horrible, and, obſtinately ſullen,
Paſs and repaſs, huſh'd as the foot of night.
Again the ſcreech-owl ſhrieks—ungracious ſound!
I'll hear no more, it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coeval near with that) all ragged ſhow,
Long laſh'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down

Their branchleſs trunks; others ſo thin at top,
That ſcarce two crows can lodge on the ſame tree.
Strange things, the neighbours ſay, have happen'd here;
Wild ſhrieks have iſſued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer at wake or goſſipping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've ſeen,
By glimpſe of moonſhine chequering thro' the trees,
The ſchool-boy with his ſatchel in his hand,
Whiſtling aloud to bear his courage up;
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat ſtones,
(With nettles ſkirted, and with moſs o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phraſe who lies below.
Sudden he ſtarts, and hears, or *thinks* he hears
The ſound of ſomething purring at his heels,
Full faſt he flies, and dares not look behind him
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghaſtly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes its ſtand
O'er ſome new-open'd grave; and (ſtrange to tell!)
Evaniſhes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've ſometimes ſpy'd,
Sad ſight! ſlow moving o'er the proſtrate dead:
Liſtleſs, ſhe crawls along in doleful black,
While burſts of ſorrow guſh from either eye,

Faſt falling down her now untaſted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilſt buſy, meddling Memory,
In barbarous ſucceſſion, muſters up
The paſt endearments of their ſofter hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, ſtill ſhe thinks
She ſees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more cloſely to the ſenſeleſs turf,
Nor heeds the paſſenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave!—how doſt thou rend in ſunder
Whom love has knit, and ſympathy made one?
A tie more ſtubborn far than nature's band.
Friendſhip! myſterious cement of the ſoul:
Sweetner of life, and ſolder of ſociety,
I owe thee much. Thou haſt deſerv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to pleaſe. Oh! when my friend and I
In ſome thick wood have wander'd heedleſs on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and ſat us down
Upon the ſloping cowſlip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid ſtream has ſlid along
In grateful errors thro' the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the ſhrill-tongu'd thruſh
Mended his ſong of love; the ſooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and ſoften'd ev'ry note:
The eglantine ſmell'd ſweeter, and the roſe
Aſſum'd a dye more deep; whilſt ev'ry flow'r

Vy'd with his fellow plant in luxury
Of dreſs.—Oh! then the longeſt ſummer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haſte; ſtill the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happineſs
Too exquiſite to laſt. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave!——thou ſpoil'ſt the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'ſt out the dimple from the cheek of Mirth,
And ev'ry ſmirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madneſs.
Where are the Jeſters now? the men of health,
Complexionally pleaſant? Where's the droll,
Whoſe ev'ry look and geſture was a joke
To clapping theatres and ſhouting crowds,
And made e'en thick-lipp'd muſing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a ſmile
Before ſhe was aware? Ah! ſullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæſars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boaſt of ſtory? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleaſure tore
From kings of all the then-diſcover'd globe,
And cry'd, forſooth, becauſe his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how ſlim, diſhonourably ſlim,
And cramm'd into a ſpace we bluſh to name!
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!

How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where haſt thou hid thy many-ſpangled head,
And the majeſtic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerleſs now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his ſwathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the ſacrificer's knife.
Mute, muſt thou bear the ſtrife of little tongues,
And coward inſults of the baſe-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadſt,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave,
Of being unmoleſted and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid,
In mode and form e'en to a very ſcruple;
Oh, cruel irony! theſe come too late,
And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon ſlave that's bury'd
In the highway, unſhrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as ſoft, and ſleeps as ſound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high deſcent,
Above the vulgar born, to rot in ſtate.

But ſee! the well-plum'd hearſe comes nodding on
Stately and ſlow; and properly attended
By the whole ſable tribe, that painful watch
The ſick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their perſons by the hour,
To mimic ſorrow, where the heart's not ſad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,

And glittering in the ſun; triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps
In glory ſcarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy ſhow: whilſt from the caſements
And houſes tops, ranks behind ranks, cloſe wedg'd,
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waſte,
Why this ado in earthing up a carcaſe
That's fall'n into diſgrace, and in the noſtril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midſt all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the *principal* conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty ſtir?——'Tis wiſely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter caſts diſcreetly into ſhades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'ſt
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddleſome, officious ill,
Purſues thee e'en to death; nor there ſtops ſhort;
Strange perſecution! when the grave itſelf
Is no protection from rude ſufferance.

Abſurd to think to over-reach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to reſcue ours!
The beſt-concerted ſchemes men lay for fame,
Die faſt away; only *themſelves* die faſter.
The far-fam'd ſculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
Thoſe bold inſurancers of deathleſs fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, th' Ægyptians pride,
And wonder of the world, whoſe ſpiky top

Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry ſhaking of the winter's ſtorm;
Yet ſpent at laſt by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The myſtic cone with hieroglyphics cruſted,
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable ſight!
The labour of whole ages tumbles down,
A hideous and miſshapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wreſtle but in vain
With all-ſubduing time; her eank'ring hand
With calm, delib'rate malice waſteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the braſs conſumes,
The buſto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unſteady to the ſteel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down her head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who ſwarm to ſov'reign rule thro' ſeas of blood;
Th' oppreſſive, ſturdy, man-deſtroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waſte,
And, in a cruel wantonneſs of power,
Thinn'd ſtates of half their people, and gave up
To want the reſt; now, like a ſtorm that's ſpent,
Lie huſh'd, and meanly ſneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral ſcorn
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghoſt
Implacable. Here, too, the petty tyrant,
Whoſe ſcant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as
ſhort;

Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like ſome lordly beaſt of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of miſery;
(As if a ſlave was not a ſhred of nature,
Of the ſame common nature with his lord)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with duſt, and calls the worm his kinſman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jeſt; vaſſal and lord,
Groſsly familiar, ſide by ſide conſume.

When ſelf-eſteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly perſuade us we are ſomething
Above the common level of our kind,
The Grave gainſays the ſmooth-complexion'd flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty——thou pretty plaything, dear deceit!
That ſteals ſo ſoftly o'er the ſtripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulſe unknown before!
The Grave diſcredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roſes faded, and thy lilies ſoil'd,
What haſt thou more to boaſt of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I ſee thee with thy head low laid,
Whilſt ſurfeited upon thy damaſk cheek
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unſcar'd. For *this* was all thy caution?

For this thy painful labour at thy glaſs,
T'improve thoſe charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the ſpoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
Coarſe fare and carrion pleaſe thee full as well,
And leave as keen a reliſh on the ſenſe.
Look how the fair one weeps!—the conſcious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
Honeſt effuſion! the ſwoln heart in vain
Works hard, to put a gloſs on its diſtreſs.

Strength, too—thou ſurly and leſs gentle boaſt
Of thoſe that loud laugh at the village ring;
A fit of common ſickneſs pulls thee down
With greater eaſe than e'er thou didſt the ſtripling
That raſhly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan, indeed!
With anguiſh heavy laden. Let me trace it.——
From yonder bed it comes, where the ſtrong man,
By ſtronger arm belabour'd, graſps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beaſt. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy breaſt by far too ſcant
To give the lungs full play. What now avail
The ſtrong-built, ſinewy limbs, and well-ſpread
ſhoulders!
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pains! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and graſps it hard,
Juſt like a creature drowning; hideous ſight!
Oh! how his eyes ſtand out, and ſtare full ghaſtly,
Whilſt the diſtemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'croſs his bowels,

And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his laſt.——See how the great Goliath,
Juſt like a child that brawl'd itſelf to reſt,
Lies ſtill.——What mean'ſt thou then, O mighty
Boaſter,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconſcious of his ſtrength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man,
That, knowing well the ſlackneſs of his arm,
Truſts only in the well-invented knife?

With ſtudy pale, and midnight vigils ſpent,
The ſtar-ſurveying ſage cloſe to his eye
Applies the ſight-invigorating tube,
And trav'ling thro' the boundleſs length of ſpace,
Marks well the courſes of the far-ſeen orbs
That roll with regular confuſion there,
In ecſtaſy of thought. But ah, proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very ſoon, thy firmeſt footing fails,
And down thou dropp'ſt into that darkſome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies diſabled now,
Diſarm'd, diſhonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ails to paſſers by.
Great man of language!——Whence this mighty
change;
This dumb deſpair, and drooping of the head?
Tho' ſtrong perſuaſion hung upon thy lip,
And ſly inſinuation's ſofter arts

In ambuſh lay upon thy flowing tongue;
Alas, how chop-fall'n now! Thick miſts and ſilence
Reſt, like a weary cloud, upon thy breaſt
Unceaſing.——Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The ſtrength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the leſſer ornaments of phraſe?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been;
Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
Perchance ſome hackney, hunger-bitten ſcribbler,
Inſults thy memory, and blots thy tomb,
With long, flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouſe a dead man into rage.

Here the great maſters of the healing art,
Theſe mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Reſign their fate. Proud Æſculapius' ſon!
Where are thy boaſted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ſhips could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Eſcap'd thy rifling hand.——from ſtubborn ſhrubs
Thou wrung'ſt their ſhy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor inſect,
Nor writhy ſnake, eſcap'd thy deep reſearch.
But why this apparatus? Why this coſt?
Tells us, thou doughty keeper from the Grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long liſt of vouchers for thy cures?

Alas! thou ſpeak'ſt not. The bold impoſtor
Looks not more ſilly when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-ſided miſer, worſt of felons,
Who meanly ſtole (diſcreditable ſhift)
From back and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a taſk it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcaſe, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Ay, now you've made the rich man poor indeed!
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh, curſed luſt of gold! when for thy ſake,
The fool throws up his intereſt in *both* worlds:
Firſt ſtarv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How ſhocking muſt thy ſummons be, O Death!
To him that is at eaſe in his poſſeſſions;
Who counting on long years of pleaſure here,
Is quite unfurniſh'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic ſoul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement!
Runs to each avenue, and ſhrieks for help,
But ſhrieks in vain! How wiſhfully ſhe looks
On all's ſhe leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a *little* longer,
Oh, might ſhe ſtay to waſh away her ſtains,
And fit her for her paſſage! Mournful ſight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,

Like a ſtaunch murd'rer, ſteady to his purpoſe,
Purſues her cloſe through every lane of life,
Nor miſſes once the track, but preſſes on;
Till forc'd at laſt to the tremendous verge,
At once ſhe ſinks to everlaſting ruin.

Sure 'tis a ſerious thing to die! My ſoul!
What a ſtrange moment muſt it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou haſt the gulf in view!
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repaſs'd,
To tell what's doing on the other ſide.
Nature runs back, and ſhudders at the ſight,
And every life-ſtring bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they muſt; body and ſoul muſt part;
Fond couple! link'd more cloſe than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witneſs of its actions, now its Judge;
That drops into the dark and noiſome Grave,
Like a diſabled pitcher of no uſe.

If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence firſt they ſprang; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouthe the heavens: then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear, Death: then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the ſlip,

By ſtealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way; whether by hemp or ſteel.
Death's thouſand doors ſtand open. Who could force
The ill-pleas'd gueſt to ſit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well,
That helps himſelf as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an hereafter,
And that there is, conſcience, uninfluenc'd
And ſuffer'd to ſpeak out, tells every man,
Then muſt it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet to die by one's *own* hand.

Self murder! name it not: our iſland's ſhame;
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring ſtates.
Shall nature, ſwerving from her earlieſt dictate,
Self-preſervation, fall by her *own* act?
Forbid it, Heaven. Let not, upon diſguſt,
The ſhameleſs hand be fully crimſon'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Juſt reeking from ſelf-ſlaughter, in a rage
To ruſh into the preſence of our Judge;
As if we challeng'd Him to do His worſt,
And matter'd not His wrath: unheard-of tortures
Muſt be reſerv'd for ſuch: theſe herd together;
The *common* damn'd ſhun their ſociety,
And look upon themſelves as fiends leſs foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how ſhort, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the ſummons,
Nor dare to ſtir till heaven ſhall give permiſſion:

Like ſentries that muſt keep their deſtin'd ſtand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd:
Thoſe only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the laſt. To run away
Is but a coward's trick. To run away
From this world's ills, that, at the very worſt,
Will ſoon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourſelves,
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis mad;
No frenzy half ſo deſperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
To thoſe you left behind, diſcloſe the ſecret?
O that ſome courteous ghoſt would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we muſt ſhortly be!
I've heard, that ſouls departed have ſometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly done,
To knock, and give th' alarum. But what means
This ſtinted charity? 'Tis but lame kindneſs
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the ſtrict laws
Of your ſociety forbid your ſpeaking
Upon a point ſo nice? I'll aſk no more:
Sullen, like lamps in ſepulchres, your ſhine
Enlightens but yourſelves. Well—'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as ye are, and as cloſe.
Death's ſhafts fly thick: here falls the village ſwain,
And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round:
And who ſo artful as to put it by!
'Tis long ſince death had the majority:

Yet ſtrange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The ſexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er ſtole
A gentle tear, with mattock in his hand,
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors. Scarce a ſkull's caſt up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some paſſage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The ſot has walk'd with death twice twenty years,
Yet ne'er a yonker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a ſmuttier tale: when drunkards meet,
None ſings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not,
That ſoon ſome truſty brother of the trade
Shall do for him, what he has done for thouſands.

On this ſide, and on that, men ſee their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantaſtic ſchemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerated days
Could ſcarce have leiſure for. Fools that we are!
Never to think of death and of ourſelves
At the ſame time; as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. Oh! more than ſottiſh,
For creatures of a day, in gameſome mood,
To frolic on Eternity's dread brink
Unapprehenſive; when, for aught we know,
The very firſt ſwoln ſurge ſhall ſweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on

With a reſiſtleſs, unremitting ſtream;
Yet treads more ſoft than e'er did midnight thief,
That ſlides his hand under the miſer's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What, but a ſpacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's ſpoils, the ſpoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live muſt lend our carcaſes
To cover our own offspring: in their turns,
They, too, muſt cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet;
The ſhiv'ring Icelander, and ſun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Chriſtian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His ſov'reign's keeper, and the people's ſcourge,
Are huddled out of ſight. Here lie abaſh'd
The great negociators of the earth,
And celebrated maſters of the balance,
Deep read in ſtratagems and wiles of courts;
Now vain their treaty-ſkill. Death ſcorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded ſlave flings down his burden
From his gall'd ſhoulders; and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardſhips,
Mocks his ſhort arm;—and quick as thought eſcapes
Where tyrants vex not, where the weary reſt.

Here the warm lover, leaving the cool ſhade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling ſtream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite ſeats of love)

Faſt by his gentle miſtreſs lays him down,
Unblaſted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie cloſe, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain preſbyter,
Ere while that ſtood aloof, as ſhy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like fiſter ſtreams
That ſome rude interpoſing rock had ſplit.

Here is the large-limb'd peaſant:——here the child
Of a ſpan long, that never ſaw the ſun,
Nor preſs'd the nipple, ſtrangl'd in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her ſons and daughters;
The barren wife, and long demurring maid,
Whoſe lonely unappropriated ſweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowſlips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude ſevere, and gay coquet,
The ſober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a roſe before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth diſclos'd. Strange medley here!

Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightſome vacant heart,
Whoſe ev'ry day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth. The ſhrill-tongu'd ſhrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wiſe, the generous, and the brave;
The juſt, the good, the worthleſs, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well bred;

The fool, the churl, the ſcoundrel, and the mean,
The ſupple ſtateſman, and the patriot ſtern;
The wrecks of nations, and the ſpoils of time,
With all the lumber of ſix thouſand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy firſt ſtate!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He ſtamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd,
Smil'd on his laſt fair work. Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the ſoul ſerene;
Like two ſweet inſtruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play'd their ſeveral parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cauſe they ſhould,
For all was pure within: no fell remorſe,
Nor anxious caſtings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful boſom. Summer ſeas
Show not more ſmooth, when kiſs'd by ſouthern winds,
Juſt ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
The generous ſoil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing moſt perfect in its kind.
Bleſſed! thrice bleſſed days! but, ah! how ſhort!
Bleſs'd as the pleaſing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like thoſe, and quickly gone.

Oh, ſlippery ſtate of things! What ſudden turns!
What ſtrange viciſſitudes in the firſt leaf
Of man's ſad hiſtory! To-day moſt happy,
And ere to-morrow's ſun has ſet, moſt abject.

How ſcant the ſpace between theſe vaſt extremes!
Thus far'd it with our ſire: Not long enjoy'd
His paradiſe. Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair ſpot due time to prove its ſweets,
Or ſum them up, when ſtraight he muſt be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And muſt he go?
Can nought compound for the *firſt* dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain——
Not all the laviſh odours of the place
Offer'd in incenſe can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty Angel
With flaming ſword forbids his longer ſtay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor muſt he take
One laſt and farewel round. At once he loſt
His glory and his GOD. If mortal now,
And ſorely maim'd, no wonder. Man has ſinn'd.
Sick of his bliſs, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he needs would try; nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! deſtructive meaſure!
Where the worſt thing could happen, is ſucceſs.)
Alas! too well he ſped: the good he ſcorn'd,
Stalk'd off reluctant like an ill-us'd ghoſt,
Not to return: or if it did, its viſits,
Like thoſe of angels, ſhort and far between:
Whilſt the black Dæmon, with his hell-'ſcap'd train
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
Saw the raſh error, which he could not mend:

An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future ſons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! Human nature groans
Beneath a vaſſalage ſo vile and cruel,
And its vaſt body bleeds thro' ev'ry vein.

What havock haſt thou made, foul monſter, ſin!
Greateſt and firſt of ills. The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimenſions! But for thee
Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,
Of vileſt nature! Other ſorts of evils
Are kindly circumſcrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano from his burning entrails,
That belches molten ſtone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of ſmoke and ſtench,
Mars the adjacent fields for ſome leagues round,
And there it ſtops. The big-ſwoln inundation,
Of miſchief more diffuſive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its ſhore it cannot paſs,
More dreadful far than theſe! Sin has laid waſte,
Not here and there a country, but a world:
Diſpatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their ſakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blaſting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accurſed thing! Oh! where ſhall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expreſſive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper ſo tranſcendently malign,

That toads and ſerpents of moſt deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee, are harmleſs. Sickneſſes
Of ev'ry ſize and ſymptom, racking pains,
And blueſt plagues are thine. See how the fiend
Profuſely ſcatters the contagion round!
Whilſt deep-mouth'd ſlaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new ſpilt: yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is ſtruck.

But hold:—I've gone too far; too much diſcover'd
My father's nakedneſs, and nature's ſhame.
Here let me pauſe, and drop an honeſt tear,
One burſt of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all thoſe ample deſerts Death has ſpread;
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whoſe ev'ry day is carnival, not ſated yet!
Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!
The verieſt gluttons do not *always* cram;
Some intervals of abſtinence are ſought
To edge the appetite: thou ſeekeſt none.
Methinks the countleſs ſwarms thou haſt devour'd,
And thouſands that each hour thou gobbleſt up,
This, leſs than this, might gorge thee to the full;
But, ah! rapacious ſtill, thou gap'ſt for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays her ſkinny hand,
And whets to keeneſt eagerneſs his cravings;
As if diſeaſes, maſſacres, and poiſon,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.

But know, that thou muſt render up thy dead,
And with high int'reſt too. They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a ſeaſon,
Till the great promis'd day of reſtitution;
When loud diffuſive ſound of brazen trump
Of ſtrong-lung'd cherub, ſhall alarm thy captives,
And rouſe the long, long ſleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.
Then muſt thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as ſilver from the crucible,
That twice has ſtood the torture of the fire
And inquiſition of the forge. We know
Th' illuſtrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of GOD, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
Thou could'ſt not hold: ſelf-vigorous he roſe,
And ſhaking off thy fetters, ſoon retook
Thoſe ſpoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releaſement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he ſojourn'd here on earth,
And ſhew'd himſelf alive to choſen witneſſes,
By proofs ſo ſtrong, that the moſt ſlow-aſſenting
Had not a ſcruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I ſee him
Climb the aërial height, and glide along
Athwart the ſev'ring clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chace, ſoon drops its hold,
Diſabled quite, and jaded with purſuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his *friends* ſhut out: as ſome great Prince

Not for himſelf alone procures admiſſion,
But for his train. It was his royal will,
That where he is, there ſhould his *followers* be.
Death only lies between. A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears.
But not untrod nor tedious; the fatigue
Will ſoon go off: beſide, there's no *by*-road
To bliſs. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at tranſient hardſhips in the way
That leads to purer air, and ſofter ſkies,
And a ne'er-ſetting ſun? Fools that we are!
We wiſh to be where ſweets unwithering bloom;
But ſtraight our wiſh revoke, and will not go.
So have I ſeen, upon a ſummer's ev'n,
Faſt by a riv'let's brink a youngſter play:
How wiſhfully he looks to ſtem the tide!
This moment reſolute, next unreſolv'd:
At laſt he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble; and he runs away
From th' inoffenſive ſtream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And ſmil'd ſo ſweet of late. Thrice welcome death!
That after many a painful bleeding ſtep,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us ſafe
On the long-wiſh'd-for ſhore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to our bleſſing! Death, diſarm'd,
Loſes his fellneſs quite. All thanks to Him
Who ſcourg'd the venom out. Sure the laſt end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire ſo ſoft.

Behold him in the evening tide of life,
A life well ſpent, whoſe early care it was
His riper years ſhould not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the ſun, ſeems larger at his ſetting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, ſtruggles hard to get away:
Whilſt the glad gates of ſight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the firſt fair fruits
Of the faſt-coming harveſt. Then! oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or diſappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
To have his paſſport ſign'd, and be diſmiſs'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad ſoul
Has not a wiſh uncrown'd. E'en the lag fleſh
Reſts too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to ſunder more;
Nor ſhall it hope in vain; the time draws on,
When not a ſingle ſpot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the ſpacious ſea,
But muſt give back its long-committed duſt
Inviolate; and faithfully ſhall theſe
Make up the full account; not the leaſt atom
Embezzled or miſlaid, of the whole tale.
Each ſoul ſhall have a body ready furniſh'd;
And each ſhall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Aſk not, how this can be? Sure the ſame pow'r
That rear'd the piece at firſt, and took it down,
Can re-aſſemble the looſe ſcatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God

Has done much more! nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days: and what He can, He *will:*
His faithfulneſs ſtands bound to ſee it done.
When the dread trumpet ſounds, the ſlumb'ring duſt
(Not unattentive to the call) ſhall wake:
And every joint poſſeſs its former place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its *firſt* ſtate. Nor ſhall the conſcious ſoul
Miſtake its partner, but amidſt the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall ruſh with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been abſent,
With haſte runs over every different room,
In pain to ſee the whole. Thrice-happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, ſhall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonleſs night;
We make the Grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus at the ſhut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in ſome lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

A Monody

TO THE

MEMORY OF LADY LYTTELTON.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1747.

LORD LYTTELTON.

I.

At length eſcap'd from ev'ry human eye,
From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a ſhare,
Or force my tears their flowing ſtream to dry,
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring ſhade,
This lone retreat for tender ſorrow made;
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my ſtores of grief;
Of grief ſurpaſſing ev'ry other woe,
Far as the pureſt bliſs, the happieſt love
Can on th' ennobled mind beſtow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our groſs deſires inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves! ye gently-falling rills!
Ye high o'erſhadowing hills!
Ye lawns! gay ſmiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy ſeen!

But never ſhall ye now behold her more,
Nor will ſhe now with fond delight,
And taſte refin'd, your rural charms explore:
Clos'd are thoſe beauteous eyes in endleſs night:
Thoſe beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to ſhine
Reaſon's pure light and Virtue's ſpark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of theſe woods rejoice,
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her deſpiſing, when ſhe deign'd to ſing,
The ſweeteſt ſongſters of the ſpring,
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more,
The nightingale was mute,
And ev'ry ſhepherd's flute
Was caſt in ſilent ſcorn away,
While all attended to her ſweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets! now reſume your ſong,
And thou, melodious Philomel!
Again thy plaintive ſtory tell,
For death has ſtopt that tuneful tongue
Whoſe muſic could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footſteps to deſcry.
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We ſaw the ſummer's ſun go down the ſky;

Nor by yon fountain's ſide,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley can ſhe now be found.
In all the wide-ſtretch'd proſpect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can ought of her eſpy,
But the ſad ſacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O ſhades of Hagley! where is now your boaſt!
Your bright inhabitant is loſt.
You, ſhe preferr'd to all the gay reſorts
Where female vanity might wiſh to ſhine,
The pomp of cities and the pride of courts:
Her modeſt beauties ſhunn'd the public eye:
To your ſequeſter'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales,
From an admiring world ſhe choſe to fly;
With nature there retir'd, and nature's God,
The ſilent paths of wiſdom trod,
And baniſh'd ev'ry paſſion from her breaſt,
But thoſe, the gentleſt and the beſt,
Whoſe holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes! who like the little playful fawns
Were wont to trip along theſe verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's ſide,
Who now your infant ſteps ſhall guide?

Ah! where is now the hand whoſe tender care
To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,
And ſtrew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loſs beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How ſhall thy weaken'd mind, oppreſs'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now ſhe, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpleſs age to ſave?

VII.

Where were ye, Muſes! when relentleſs Fate
From theſe fond arms your fair diſciple tore,
From theſe fond arms that vainly ſtrove
With hapleſs ineffectual love
To guard her boſom from the mortal blow?
Could not your fav'ring power, Aönian maids!
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
From whom ſo oft in theſe inſpiring ſhades,
Or under Campden's moſs-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your ſacred ſtore,
Whate'er your ancient ſages taught,
Your ancient bards ſublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breaſt with all your ſpirit glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Caſtalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount your ſteps detain,

Nor in the Theſpian valleys did you play,
Nor then on Mincio's* bank,
Beſet with oſiers dank,
Nor where Clitumnus† rolls his gentle ſtream,
Nor where thro' hanging woods
Steep Anio‡ pours his floods,
Nor yet where Meles§ or Iliſſus‖ ſtray.
Ill does it now beſeem
That of your guardian care bereft,
To dire diſeaſe and death your darling ſhould be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantaſtic toys
Are all her ſex's joys,
With you ſhe ſearch'd the wit of Greece and Rome,
And all that in her latter days
To emulate her ancient praiſe
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright ſparkling could inſpire,

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the reſidence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibor or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

§ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, ſuppoſed to be born on its banks, is called Meleſigenes.

‖ The Iliſſus is a river at Athens.

By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's iſle,
Moſt favour'd with your ſmile,
The powers of Reaſon and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conſpir'd to raiſe?
Ah! what is now the uſe
Of all theſe treaſures that enrich'd her mind,
To black oblivion's gloom for ever now conſign'd?

X.

At leaſt, ye Nine! her ſpotleſs name
'Tis yours from death to ſave,
And in the temple of immortal fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin ſiſters! come,
And ſtrew with choiceſt flowers her hallow'd tomb;
But foremoſt thou, in ſable veſtment clad,
With accents ſweet and ſad,
Thou, plaintive muſe! whom o'er his Laura's urn,
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
O come! and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impaſſion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by ſome ſweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in ev'ry look
Thro' her expreſſive eyes her ſoul diſtinctly ſpoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modiſh vice behind,

And made each charm of poliſh'd courts agree
With candid truth's ſimplicity
And uncorrupted innocence!
Tell how to more than manly ſenſe
She join'd the ſoft'ning influence
Of more than female tenderneſs!
How in the thoughtleſs days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good deſtroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To ev'ry want and ev'ry woe,
To guilt itſelf when in diſtreſs,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could beſtow!
E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from ſweet virtue's ſource, benevolent to all!

XII.

Not only good and kind,
But ſtrong and elevated was her mind;
A ſpirit that with noble pride
Could look ſuperior down
On fortune's ſmile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To virtue's loweſt duty ſacrifice,
Or int'reſt, or ambition's higheſt prize;
That injur'd or offended, never try'd
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous diſdain;

A wit that temperately bright,
With inoffenſive light,
All pleaſing ſhone, nor ever paſt
The decent bounds that wiſdom's ſober hand,
And ſweet benevolence's mild command,
And baſhful modeſty before it caſt;
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd;
That ſcorn'd unjuſt ſuſpicion's coward fear,
And without weakneſs knew to be ſincere!
Such Lucy was when in her faireſt days,
Amidſt th' acclaim of univerſal praiſe,
In life's and glory's freſheſt bloom,
Death came remorſeleſs on, and ſunk her to the tomb!

XIII.

So where the ſilent ſtreams of Lyris glide
In the ſoft boſom of Campana's vale,
When now the wintry tempeſts all are fled,
And genial ſummer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head,
From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets riſe,
On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are ſeen,
With odours ſweet it fills the ſmiling ſkies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen;
But in the midſt of all its blooming pride,
A ſudden blaſt from Apenninus flows,
Cold with perpetual ſnows,
The tender, blighted plant ſhrinks up its leaves and dies.

XIV.

Ariſe, O Petrarch! from th' Elyſian bow'rs,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambroſial flow'rs,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd:
Ariſe, and hither bring the ſilver lyre,
Tun'd by thy ſkilful hand
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire,
With which o'er many a land
Was ſpread the fame of thy diſaſtrous love;
To me reſign the vocal ſhell,
And teach my ſorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale ſo well,
As may e'en things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and deſart rocks to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy miſtreſs in the bliſsful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domeſtic care
She never bore a ſhare,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of ev'ry ſecret grief that feſter'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of ſickneſs watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm ſuſtain,
And charm away the ſenſe of pain:

Nor did ſhe crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O beſt of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms!
How can my ſoul endure the loſs of thee?
How in the world, to me a deſart grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my ſweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely ſmile,
The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
What pleaſures now can pall'd ambition give?
E'en the delightful ſenſe of well-earn'd praiſe
Unſhar'd by thee no more my lifeleſs thoughts could raiſe.

XVII.

For my diſtracted mind
What ſuccour can I find?
On whom for conſolation ſhall I call?
Support me ev'ry friend,
Your kind aſſiſtance lend
To bear the weight of this oppreſſive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love! ſo much was thine,
That none has any comfort to beſtow.
My books the beſt relief
In ev'ry other grief,
Are now with your idea ſadden'd all:

Each fav'rite author we together read,
My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and ſpeaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII.

We were the happieſt pair of human kind,
The rolling year its varying courſe perform'd
And back return'd again;
Another and another ſmiling came,
And ſaw our happineſs unchang'd remain;
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious concord did our wiſhes bind,
Our ſtudies, pleaſures, taſte, the ſame.
O fatal, fatal ſtroke!
That all this pleaſing fabric love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which e'en wanton vice with envy gaz'd,
And ev'ry ſcheme of bliſs our hearts had form'd
With ſoothing hope for many a future day,
In one ſad moment broke!
Yet, O my ſoul! thy riſing murmurs ſtay,
Nor dare th' all-wiſe Diſpoſer to arraign,
Or againſt his ſupreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once ſhould fade
Was his moſt righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in theſe low abodes of ſin and pain
Her pure exalted ſoul
Unjuſtly for thy partial good detain?

No—rather ſtrive thy grov'ling mind to raiſe
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd ſhe now with pity ſees
How frail, how inſecure, how ſlight,
Is ev'ry mortal bliſs;
E'en love itſelf, if riſing by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect ſtate,
Whoſe fleeting joys ſo ſoon muſt end,
It does not to its ſov'reign good aſcend.
Riſe then, my ſoul! with hope elate,
And ſeek thoſe regions of ſerene delight,
Whoſe peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but thoſe of harden'd guilt ſhall miſs;
There death himſelf thy Lucy ſhall reſtore,
There yield up all his pow'r, ne'er to divide you more.

THE LAST DAY.

YOUNG.

Venit ſumma dies. VIRG.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the great;
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of ſtate;
I draw a deeper ſcene: a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heaven o'er-
thrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan;
Death's ancient ſceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.

This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howſoe'er diſjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and aſſiſt a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis your *Eternal King* I ſtrive to praiſe.

But chiefly thou, Great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whoſe throne archangels proſtrate fall;
If at thy nod, from diſcord and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon ſparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpel;

To my great ſubject thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my lab'ring ſoul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
In GOD's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See ſpring's gay bloom; ſee golden autumn's ſtore;
See how earth ſmiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Here foreſts riſe, the mountain's awful pride;
Here rivers meaſure climes, and worlds divide;
There valleys fraught with gold's reſplendent ſeeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes in their beds:
There, to the ſkies, aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vaſt landſcape unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe;
'Twill raiſe thy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe.
How far from eaſt to weſt? The lab'ring eye
Can ſcarce the diſtant azure bounds deſcry:
Wide theatre! where tempeſts play at large,
And GOD's right-hand can all its wrath diſcharge.
Mark how thoſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the ſeaſons, and the year control:
They ſhine through time with an unalter'd ray:
See this grand period riſe, and that decay:
So *vaſt*, this world's a grain! yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal ſpace;

So *bright* with ſuch a wealth of glory ſtor'd,
'Twere ſin in *heathens* not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how ſacred, all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all muſt drop as autumn's ſickliеſt grain,
And earth and firmament be ſought in vain:
The tract forgot where *conſtellations* ſhone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time ſhall be ſlain, all *nature* be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later in ſome future date,
(A dreadful ſecret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wiſdom knows,
Or when ten thouſand harveſts more have roſe;
When ſcenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While the ſtill buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thouſand years before,
Thoughtleſs as thoſe who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd, or an extinguiſh'd ſun:
(Ye ſublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nations, hear and ſhake!)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe on day;
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd foreſts rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And brake the bondage of his wonted ſhore;

A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread;
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade;
From inmoſt heaven inceſſant thunders roll,
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note: the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

O pow'rful blaſt! to which no equal ſound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the ſky,
Though God's whole engin'ry diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels ſinn'd! and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind:
None are ſupinely good: through care and pain,
And various arts, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
This is the ſcene of combat, not of reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.

If then, obſequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,

When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty ſmiles, or grandeur ſpreads her charms,
The conſcious ſoul would *this* great ſcene diſplay,
Call down th' immortal hoſts in dread array,
The *trumpet* ſound, the chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe from ſilent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impreſſion would the picture make,
No power on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
Engag'd with angels ſhe would greatly ſtand,
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
And Death might ſhake his threat'ning lance in vain!
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
And danger ſerve but to exalt delight.

Inſtructed thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring,
Whence flow the terrors of that *day* I ſing;
More boldly we our labours may purſue,
And all the dreadful image ſet to view.

Ah, mournful fight! the bliſsful earth, who late
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate:
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;
A grateful change of ſeaſons, ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude of fall and ſpring:
Some through vaſt oceans to conduct the keel,
And ſome thoſe wat'ry worlds to ſink or ſwell:
Around her ſome their ſplendors to diſplay,
And gild her globe with tributary day;

This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and fav'rite of her GOD,
Now looks an exile from her father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glory ſhines on high;
No light but from the terrors of the ſky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
And all into a ſecond chaos toſt,
One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad;
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of GOD.

Such, earth, thy fate: what then canſt thou afford
To comfort and ſupport thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down?
Proſtrate the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſiſter worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why doſt thou forſake, whom thou haſt made?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger? who can ſtand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought: O ſave me, Power
Of powers ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou, who beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
And in thy dreadful agony ſweat blood;
Thou, who for me, through every throbbing vein,
Haſt felt the keeneſt edge of mortal pain;

Whom Death led captive through the realms below,
And taught thoſe horrid myſteries of woe:
Defend me, O my GOD! O ſave me, Power
Of powers ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!

From eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring ſhelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compaſſionately deep:
Seas caſt the monſter forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but priſon up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death ſits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
His heart's diſmay'd; and now his fears command
To change his native for a diſtant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's ſevere decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the ſea:
The port he ſeeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſword.

But why this idle toil to paint *that* day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the diſtreſs,
The height of eloquence would make it leſs;
Heavens! how the *good* man trembles!——

And is there a *Laſt Day?* and muſt there come
A ſure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition ſwell, and thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that *vanity* can blow;

Wealth on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple cluſters, tempting *vine*,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*, ſhine,
Shine all; in all your charms together riſe;
That all, in all your charms, I may deſpiſe:
While I mount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd,
To ſmile at Death, to long to be diſſolv'd;
From our decays a pleaſure to receive,
And kindle into tranſport at a grave;
What equals *this*? And ſhall the victor now
Boaſt the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! O thou cherub, heavenly bright!
O joys unmix'd, and fathomleſs delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but GOD and my own ſoul.

For ever then, my ſoul, thy GOD adore,
Nor let the brute creation praiſe thee more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conſcious cheek with ſpreading ſhame!
They all for him purſue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r ſuſpend;
In ſolid heaps th' unfrozen billows ſtand,
To reſt and ſilence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monſters that infeſt the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirſt for blood,

His will can calm, their ſavage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkneſs round him all her horrors ſpread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous riſe;
When now the foaming ſurges toſt on high,
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghaſt,
Look back with terror on their actions paſt:
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguiſh, melt away:
Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold: but O, the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems, nor gold, the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave:
Down he deſcends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows cloſe, he's number'd with the dead,
(Hear, O ye juſt! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue!)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world on high,
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,

Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace;
He brindles in the monſters of the deep,
The brindled monſters awful diſtance keep:
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.

But ſtill ariſe new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word:
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate:
Exults for joy, and with a mighty bound,
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heaven and earth reſound;
Blackens the water with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize,
The prophet views the cavern with ſurpriſe;
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wand'ring eyes from ſide to ſide:
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And fails ſecure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear.
Or falls immers'd into the depths below,
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;

To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides ſerenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wond'rous days and nights through coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks and ſands he roves;
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountain gilds, aud on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe, and pour
His ſacred gueſt uninjur'd on the ſhore:
A type of that great bleſſing, which the muſe,
In her next labour ardently purſues.

Now man awakes, and from his ſilent bed,
Where he has ſlept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the ſlumber of ten thouſand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.

Again the trumpet's intermitted ſound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An univerſal concourſe to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;
In ſome wide field, which active whirlwinds ſweep,
Drive cities, foreſts, mountains to the deep,
To ſmooth and lengthen out th' unbounded ſpace,
And ſpread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their truſt,
And render back their long-committed duſt.

Now charnels rattle: ſcatter'd limbs and all
The various bones, obſequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The diſtant head; the diſtant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, ſee through the duſky ſky
Fragments of bodies in confuſion fly,
To diſtant regions journeying, there to claim
Deſerted members, and complete the frame.

So ſwarming bees that on a ſummer's day,
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen ſound, their wand'rings end,
And, gently circling, on a bough deſcend.

The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has, perhaps, been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midſt the burning planets wond'ring ſtray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid:
Or rather coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd, or wiſh'd for, her appointed fate:
This ſoul returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound,
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.

That ancient, ſacred, and illuſtrious dome *,
Where ſoon or late, fair Albion's heroes come,

* Weſtminſter Abbey.

From camps, and courts, tho' great, or wiſe, or juſt,
To feed the worm, and moulder into duſt;
That ſolemn manſion of the royal dead,
Where paſſing ſlaves o'er ſleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a num'rous race,
Of riſing kings fill all th' extended ſpace:
A life well ſpent, not the victorious ſword,
Awards the crown, and ſtyles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,
Labours with man to this his ſecond birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp ariſe;
And gilded theatres invade the ſkies,
Nations ſhall wake, whoſe unreſpected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious ſons.
The moſt magnificent and coſtly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No ſpot on earth, but has ſupply'd a grave,
And human ſkulls the ſpacious ocean pave.
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
The ſwarm ſhall iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner riſe:
Some lift with pain their ſlow, unwilling eyes:
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bleſs the grave, and call for laſting night.
Others, whoſe long-attempted virtue ſtood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the ruſhing flood,
Whoſe firm reſolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their poſture frown;

Such, in this day of horrors, ſhall be ſeen
To face the thunders with a god-like mein;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre ſhakes, their hearts diſdain to move;
An earth diſſolving, and a heaven thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on ev'ry ſide,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bleſs the dawn of everlaſting day.

Indulgent GOD! O how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe to human kind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who ſome few years ago was leſs
Than worm, or mite, or ſhadow can expreſs,
Was nothing; ſhall I live, when ev'ry fire
Of ev'ry ſtar ſhall languiſh and expire?
When earth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And thro' the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of GOD I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from his ſpacious hand,
Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael ſung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *love divine!*

But O! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wond'rous height can ſoar,
The Judge, deſcending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is ſummon'd to the bar.

Fiction be far away; let no machine
Deſcending here, no fable god, be ſeen;
Behold the God of gods indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!

Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,
At heaven's all powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam ſalutes his youngeſt ſon: no ſign
Of all thoſe ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart?
What volumes have been ſwell'd, what time been ſpent,
To fix a hero's birth-day, or deſcent?
What joy muſt it now yield, what rapture raiſe,
To ſee the glorious race of ancient days?
To greet thoſe worthies, who perhaps have ſtood
Illuſtrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands,
Cæſar un-noted in your preſence ſtands.

How vaſt the concourſe! not in number more,
The waves that break on the ſurrounding ſhore,

The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above:
Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command
Said to one empire, *fall;* another, *ſtand:*
Whoſe rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield;
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's hoſt,
They all are here, and here they all are loſt:
Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain,
Loſt as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
For judgment, judgment, ſons of men prepare!
Earth ſhakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms reſound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt pow'r of earth,
Bleſt with moſt equal planets at thy birth;
Whoſe valour drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
Moſt realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, ſaidſt, be thine
The ſkies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye.——Alas! my muſe,
How art thou loſt? What numbers canſt thou
chooſe?

A ſudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;

Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heaven's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds! Where *time*, and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient to his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball:
(Speck of creation:) if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light!)
I ſee, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's Everlaſting Son;
Crown'd with that majeſty, that form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, *dominion*, *praiſe*, *omnipotence*,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
A zone beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek, the purple morning glows.
Where'er ſerene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect to find a paradiſe;
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.

On one hand, *knowledge* ſhines in pureſt light;
On one, the ſword of *juſtice*, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd impoſtor he ſhall bleed!

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play:
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices in rich concert ſwell;
Voices ſeraphic; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of bliſs!
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this?
O! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of *him* in Bethlem born;
A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt?
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made?
From *him*, who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?

And was't enough to bid the ſun retire?
Why did not nature at thy groan expire?

I ſee, I hear, I feel the pangs divine;
The world is vaniſh'd,——I am wholly thine.

Miſtaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blaſphem'd?
Thou or thy pris'ner: which ſhall be condemn'd!
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But GOD is good! 'Tis wondrous all! E'en he
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe,
Diſtinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.
'Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky,
Stream from the cryſtal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſes lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd, th' Eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of the Godhead grac'd;
Stars on His robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath His awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wond'rous height

Unfurls the Chriſtian flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies.
The Croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

O formidable Glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty ſight.
Ah turn, unwary muſe, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the ſun ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm they wiſh it all a dream;
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or GOD be ſpoil'd of His eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport might the ſcene behold.

Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick and ſevere its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround,
For homage to its Lord a narrow bound.

"O Thou! whoſe balance does the mountains
"weigh,
"Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey.

" Whoſe breath can turn thoſe wat'ry worlds to
" flame,
" That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame;
" Earth's meaneſt ſon, all trembling, proſtrate falls,
" And on the bounty of thy goodneſs calls.

" O give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
" To ſcatter wide, or bury in the deep:
" Thy power, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
" And wholly dedicate my ſoul to thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know.
" If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
" And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe.
" My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
" And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.

" O may my underſtanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which thy wiſdom made!
" Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a ſparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown,
" And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
" Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
" Not Europe's arbitreſs of peace or war.
" May ſea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
" To bring th' Eternal Author to my mind!
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of thy dread vengeance ſhake my
" ſoul;

" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
" Adore, my heart, the Majeſty Divine.

" Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care:
" Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt thine:
" Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the
" bow;
" The cluſter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow;
" 'Tis Thou that lead'ſt our powerful armies forth,
" And giv'ſt great Anne thy ſceptre o'er the north.

" Grant I may ever at the morning ray,
" Open with pray'r the conſecrated day:
" Tune thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
" And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies;
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
" Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.

" And O! permit the gloom of ſolemn night,
" To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.
" When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
" Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
" Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling fight,
" And ſhow all nature in a milder light;
" How ev'ry boiſt'rous thought in calm ſubſides!
" How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!

" O how divine! to tread the milky way
" To the bright palace of the Lord of Day;
" His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
" Or leagues of friendſhip with his ſaints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the world aſleep,
" While I long vigils to its Founder keep!

" Can'ſt thou not ſhake the centre? O control,
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul:
" Thou who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
" Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;
" Teach me with equal firmneſs to ſuſtain
" Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.
" O may I pant for thee in each deſire!
" And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize,
" Which in Eternity's deep boſom lies!
" At the great day of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the *fatal book* unfold!
" Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
" From age to age, my grateful ſong repeat;
" My light, my life, my GOD, my Saviour ſee,
" And rival angels in the praiſe of thee."

Ten thouſand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe:
So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
Nor man, nor angel moves! the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky:

Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my ſoul (O fall to ſudden pray'r,
And let the thought ſink deep!) ſhalt thou be there?

See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand)
How weak, how pale, how hagged, how obſcene,
What more than death in ev'ry face and mein?
With what diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight;
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.
Each geſture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is laden with deſpair.
Reader, if guilty, ſpare the muſe, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

Should'ſt thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the ſoft companions of thy life;
Whoſe blended intereſt levell'd at one aim,
Whoſe mix'd deſires ſent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched ſelf alone
Caſt on the left of all whom thou haſt known;
How would it wound? what millions wouldſt thou give
For one more trial, one day more to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of *grace:*

Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend a ſtorm in air,
Arreſt the ſun: but ſtill of *this* deſpair.

Mark on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image freſh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſt angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy joy they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn!
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terror riſe,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
O the tranſcendant glory of the juſt!

Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt;
Look round, vain-glorious muſe, and you whoe'er
Devote yourſelves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and ſeek the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts *time*'s brighteſt annals grace;
Who founded ſects; crowns conquer'd, or reſign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountains low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madneſs of the roaring main:

All loſt, all undiſtinguiſh'd, no where found,
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace ſound?

Such is the ſcene; and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight;
I ſee, I ſee, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis diſtant; I behold it *now:*
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous woe;
That woe, thoſe pangs which from the *guilty* breaſt,
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſs'd:

" Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah cruel Death! that would no longer ſave,
" But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
" And caſt me out into the wrath of GOD;
" Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling
" chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
" Our only ſong; black fire's malignant light,
" The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.

" Muſt all thoſe pow'rs, heav'n gave me to
" ſupply
" My ſoul with pleaſure, and bring in my joy,
" Riſe up in arms againſt me, join the foe,
" *Senſe, reaſon, memory*, increaſe my woe?
" And ſhall my voice ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?

" O! muſt I look with terror on my gain,
" And with *exiſtence* only meaſure pain?
" What! no reprieve, no leaſt indulgence giv'n,
" No beam of hope, from any point of heaven!
" Ah mercy! mercy! art thou dead above?
" Is love extinguiſh'd in the Source of Love?

" Bold that I am, did heav'n ſtoop down to
" hell?
" Th' expiring Lord of life my ranſom ſeal?
" Have I not been induſtrious to provoke?
" From his embraces obſtinately broke?
" Purſu'd and panted for his mortal hate,
" Earn'd my deſtruction, labour'd out my fate?
" And dare I on extinguiſh'd love exclaim,
" Take, take full vengeance, rouſe the ſlack'ning
" flame;
" Juſt is my lot—but O! muſt it tranſcend
" The reach of time, deſpair a diſtant end?
" With dreadful growth ſhoot forward, and ariſe,
" Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!

" *Never!* where falls the ſoul at that dread ſound?
" Down an abyſs how dark, and how profound;
" Down, down (I ſtill am falling, horrid pain!)
" Ten thouſand, thouſand fathoms ſtill remain?
" My plunge but ſtill begun—and this for ſin?
" Could I offend, if I had never been,
" But ſtill increas'd the ſenſeleſs happy maſs,
" Flow'd in the ſtream, or ſhiver'd in the graſs?

" Father of mercies! why from ſilent earth
" Didſt thou awake, and curſe me into birth;
" Tear me from quiet, raviſh me from night,
" And make a thankleſs preſent of thy light?
" Puſh into being, a reverſe of thee,
" And animate a clod with miſery?

" The beaſts are happy; they come forth, and
" keep
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to ſleep,
" Pain is for man; and O! how vaſt a pain
" For crimes which made the Godhead bleed in vain?
" Annull'd his groans as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies, and death, away?
" As our dire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
" Our conſtitution too for ever young,
" Curſt with returns of vigour, ſtill the ſame,
" Pow'rful to bear, and ſatisfy the flame;
" Still to be caught, and ſtill to be purſu'd!
" To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd!

" Thou, who canſt toſs the planets to and fro,
" Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe;
" Cruſh worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
" On me Almighty wrath is caſt away.
" Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
" Nor with a ſpeck of wretchedneſs engage:
" Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame:
" But loſe me in the greatneſs of thy name.
" Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
" And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine?

" Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence,
" And from its courſe turn back Omnipotence?

" Forbid it! and O grant, Great GOD, at leaſt
" This one, this ſlender, almoſt *no* requeſt:
" When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
" When torment is grown weary of his prey,
" When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
" Ten thouſand thouſands, let me then expire!"

Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaſpheming, owns
He's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain;
To talk to fiery tempeſts; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended GOD.

The favour'd of their Judge, in triumph move
To take poſſeſſion of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply,
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long-extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;
To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain head of ſacred truth;
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift their voice to their Almighty King;

To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praiſe.

But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain;
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I deſcend,
And chooſe a leſs, but no ignoble, theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds, in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,
And nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heaven's terrors in array ſurround the ball:
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conſpire,
And, darted downward, ſet the world on fire;
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd ether choke,
And ſpiry flames dart through the rolling ſmoke.
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light;
From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the winds impetuous courſe,
T' enrage the flame: it ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows through the ſky:
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend,
Cities and deſarts, in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes waſted, overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm;
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vale the vaſt deſtruction fills.

Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack? that ſound which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook?
What wonders muſt that groan of nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
Which ſeem'd above the reach of fate to ſtand,
A tow'ring monument of GOD's right hand:
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow ſo lately ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.

Show me the celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball
Have humbly ſought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
That land which heaven ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd Britannia: can her glories end?
And can't ſurrounding ſeas her realm defend?
Alas! in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas;
Like oil, their waters but augment their blaze.

Some angel ſay, Where ran proud Aſia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where ſtretch'd waſte Lybia? Where did India's ſtore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of ſea, or earth, or ſkies;

All on whom Adam's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and periſh in the conq'ring flame:

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their prey;
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, all melt away:
All, all is loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of one dreadful hour,
The great Creator's ſix days work devour:
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one *ſoul*
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing, ſuch a vaſt expence.
Have ye not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending GOD?
What ſtrange ſurpriſes through all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions, but for man?
For him, Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him, through all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heaven's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky.

Think deeply then, O man, how *great* thou art,
Pay thyſelf homage with a *trembling* heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not GOD's reſpect.

Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wander there, a raviſh'd gueſt:
Gaze on thoſe hidden treaſures thou ſhalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light
Foretels a noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
Here, ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth, which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter ſun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *minor*, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate,
What ſtores, on foreign coaſts, thy landing wait:
Loſe not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod;
Thus glad all heaven, and pleaſe that bounteous
GOD,
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the ſky:
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And GOD ſhine forth in one Eternal Day.

The Inſtitution and Solemnity
OF THE
SABBATH.

MILTON.

AND now on earth the ſeventh
Evening aroſe in Eden, for the ſun
Was ſet, and twilight from the eaſt came on,

Fore-running night; when on the holy mount
Of heaven's high-ſeated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and ſure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and ſat him down
With his great Father, for he alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtay'd (ſuch privilege
Hath Omnipreſence) and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd and hallow'd the ſeventh day,
As reſting on that day from all his work,
But not in ſilence holy kept; the harp
Had work and reſted not; the ſolemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on fret by ſtring or golden wire
Temper'd ſoft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or uniſon: of incenſe, clouds
Fuming from golden cenſers hid the mount.
Creation and the ſix days acts they ſung.
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy pow'r; what thought can meaſure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels; thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd: but to create
Is greater, than created to deſtroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? Eaſily the proud attempt
Of ſpirits apoſtate and their counſels vain
Thou haſt repell'd, while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worſhippers. Who ſeeks

To leſſen thee againſt his purpoſe, ſerves
To manifeſt the more thy might: his evil
Thou uſeſt, and from thence creat'ſt more good.
Witneſs this new-made world, another heaven
From heaven gate not far, founded in view
Of the clear hyaline, the glaſſy ſea;
Of amplitude almoſt immenſe, with ſtars
Numerous, and ev'ry ſtar perhaps a world
Of deſtin'd habitation; but thou know'ſt
Their ſeaſons: among theſe the ſeat of men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleaſant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men
And ſons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worſhip him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in ſea, or air,
And multiply a race of worſhippers
Holy and juſt: thrice happy if they know
Their happineſs, and perſevere upright.

So ſung they, and the empyrean rung
With hallelujahs: Thus was ſabbath kept.

A Monumental Inscription
ON THE
DEATH OF HIS SON.

JANES.

I'M not deſign'd to ſay who lies beneath;
Which known, how uſeleſs to the dead and thee!
Whoe'er thou art, or rich, or wiſe, or ſtrong,
If thy proud heart is unſubdu'd by *grace*,
Thou haſt within, thy ſoul's unwearied foe——
Thy condemnation to infernal ſhades!

Life is uncertain——at the longeſt ſhort!
Lo, the grave yawns——eternity's in view!

Say, wretched ſinner! how wilt thou eſcape?
But one reſource remains—To JESUS fly
With eyes full ſtreaming, and a broken heart:
Thy ſtains his blood ſhall purge—his ſpirit guide
Thy feet into the way of perfect peace.
Thus ready for that dreaded, wiſh'd-for hour,
Thro' Death's cold ſhades thy ſoul ſhall fearleſs paſs
To ſome bleſs'd region, till the awful trump
Proclaims the dawn of that eternal day,
In which with JESUS thou ſhalt ever reign.

THE GRAND DISTINCTION
BETWEEN THE
VIRTUOUS AND THE WICKED,
RESERVED FOR ANOTHER STATE.

GLYNN.

LOOK round the world! with what a partial hand
The ſcale of bliſs and mis'ry is ſuſtain'd!
Beneath the ſhade of cold obſcurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm ſupports her head,
No friendly voice ſpeaks comfort to her ſoul,
Nor ſoft-ey'd Pity drops a melting tear;
But in their ſtead, Contempt and rude Diſdain
Inſult the baniſh'd wand'rer. On ſhe goes
Neglected and forlorn: diſeaſe, and cold,
And famine, worſt of ills, her ſteps attend.
Yet patient, and to heav'n's juſt will reſign'd,
She ne'er is ſeen to weep, or heard to ſigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon ſweet-ſmelling bow'r,
Where fluſh'd with all the inſolence of wealth
Sits pamper'd Vice! for him th' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine;
Nor think for theſe he pays the tribute due
To heav'n: of heav'n he never names the name;
Save when with imprecations dark and dire

He points his jeſt obſcene. Yet buxom Health
Sits on his roſy cheek; yet Honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy pinion'd Sleep
Sheds a ſoft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

Seeſt thou this, righteous Father! ſeeſt thou this,
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
Be carry'd undiſtinguiſh'd to the land
Where all things are forgot? Ah! no; the day
Will come, when virtue from the cloud ſhall burſt
That long obſcur'd her beams; when ſin ſhall fly
Back to her native hell; there ſink eclips'd
In penal darkneſs; where nor ſtar ſhall riſe,
Nor ever ſunſhine pierce th' impervious gloom.

THE UNREASONABLENESS

OF DENYING

A Future State.

GLYNN.

SCEPTIC! whoe'er thou art, who ſay'ſt the ſoul,
That particle divine, which GOD's own breath
Inſpir'd into the mortal maſs, ſhall reſt
Annihilate, till duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line: tell, if thou know'ſt,
Why ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners diſagree,

With one conſent expect another world,
Where wickedneſs ſhall weep? Why Painim bards
Fabled Elyſian plains, Tartarean lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell why Hali's ſons
Have feign'd a paradiſe of mirth and love,
Banquets and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell,
Why on the brink of Orellana's ſtream,
Where never ſcience rear'd her ſacred torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breaſt
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell why on unknown evil grief attends;
Or joy on ſecret good? Why conſcience acts
With tenfold force, when ſickneſs, age, or pain
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why ſuch horror gnaws the guilty ſoul
Of dying ſinners; while the good man ſleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a ſmile expires?

THE MESSIAH

PROMISES SATISFACTION TO GOD'S JUSTICE, FOR ADAM's DISOBEDIENCE.

MILTON.

MAN diſobeying,
Diſloyal breaks his fealty, and ſins
Againſt the high ſupremacy of heaven.

Affecting Godhead, and ſo loſing all,
To expiate his treaſon hath nought left,
But to deſtruction ſacred and devote.
He with his whole poſterity muſt die,
Die he or Juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say, heavenly Pow'rs, where ſhall we find ſuch love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, the juſt, th' unjuſt to ſave?
Dwells in all heaven charity ſo dear?

He aſk'd, but all the heav'nly choir ſtood mute,
And ſilence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
Patron or interceſſor none appear'd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ranſom ſet.
And now without redemption all mankind
Muſt have been loſt, adjudg'd to death and hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwells of love divine,
His deareſt mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is paſt, Man ſhall find grace;
And ſhall not Grace find means, that finds her way,
The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought,
Happy for man, ſo coming; he her aid
Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins and loſt;
Atonement for himſelf or offering meet,

Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man; I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die
Well-pleas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage:
Under his gloomy power I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſh'd; thou haſt giv'n me to poſſeſs
Life in myſelf for ever; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſome grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted ſoul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoil;
Death his death's wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortal ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and ſhew
The powers of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
Pleas'd, out of heaven ſhalt look down and ſmile;
While by thee rais'd, I ruin all my foes,
Death laſt, and with his carcaſe glut the grave;
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter heaven long abſent, and return,
Father, to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd
And reconcilement; wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence joy entire.

MISERIES ATTENDANT ON POVERTY,

EXEMPLIFIED IN

THE BEGGAR's PETITION.

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
O give relief, and heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

Theſe tatter'd clothes my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my length of years!
And many a furrow in this grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel of a ſtream of tears.

Yon houſe, erected on a riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road,
For Plenty there a reſidence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor,
Here craving for a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the door
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.

O take me to your hoſpitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold,
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miſerably old.

Should I reveal the ſource of every grief,
If ſoft humanity e'er touch'd your breaſt,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repreſt.

Heav'n ſends misfortunes, why ſhould we repine?
'Tis heav'n has brought me to the ſtate you ſee;
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
The child of ſorrow and of miſery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
There, like the lark, I ſprightly hail'd the morn,
But ah! Oppreſſion forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty Poverty to roam.

My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care,
Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell! a victim to Deſpair,
And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

WATTS.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my ſon,
To whom thy ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whoſe yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands,
To ſoften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains,
That thoughtleſs fly into the chains,
As cuſtom leads the way;
If there be bliſs without deſign,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bleſt as they.

Not ſordid ſouls, of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inſpires
With wanton flames; thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning dreſs the bed,
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs, whoſe marble forms,
None of the melting paſſions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd juſt like Stoic ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs:
As well may heav'nly concerts ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſides the baſs.

Nor can the ſoft enchantments hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Sampſon's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell
With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind;
For love abhors the fight:
Looſe the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Riſe and forbid delight.

Two kindeſt ſouls alone muſt meet;
'Tis friendſhip makes the bondage ſweet,

And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentleſt birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

VERSES

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN, ON SEEING HIS CHILD ASLEEP IN A CRADLE, JUST BEFORE HIS GOING TO PRISON.

SOFT babe, ſweet image of a harmleſs mind!
How calm *that* ſleep which innocence enjoys!
The ſmiling cheek thou in thy ſlumber wear'ſt,
Is nature's language for a gentle heart;
It ſays: "All's peace within," it is thy right:
'Tis the bleſt priv'lege of thy tender age
To wake or ſleep in peace; to know no fears,
To dread no ill,—to ſmile on friend and foe.

What moral leſſon does thy ſlumber teach?
This preaching ſtrikes and mends a faulty heart.
Come here, ye guilty, for it ſpeaks to you;
Tells what you loſt, and what you'll ne'er regain:
Where dwells the pow'r a wounded mind to heal?
Attend, ye miſers! all your wealth can't lure
This ſlumber to your bed; unbrib'd it drops
The downy wing upon this infant brow.

Liſten, ye heroes, kings, or higher names,
(If ſuch there be;) can minds with cooleſt thought
To bloodſhed train'd, ſuch peaceful moments taſte?
Sleep like that babe, and I'll unſheath my ſword.
Could gazing catch the flow'r of cordial peace,
My ardent eye I'd fix to pluck it thence,
And plant it in my breaſt. In vain that thought!
High heav'n this bliſs to ſinful man denies;
'Tis Virtue's crown, and e'en an angel's wealth.
Sleep on, mild infant! ſleep, and never know
What thy fond parent feels—now feels for thee
Tho' thou feel'ſt nothing. O would kind heav'n grant
Thou ne'er might'ſt wake again! how ſweet to paſs
From earth to heav'n on ſuch a gentle wing!
Theſe looks would fix a ſmile on death's pale cheek.
I muſt away; relentleſs law compels:
I'll take thee too; thou in a cell can'ſt ſleep,
And play within the horrors of a jail:
Thy father ſleeps no more: What then! I'll watch
Thy ſleeping hours, and when *thou* ſmil'ſt, *I'll* ſmile;
Smile e'en in miſery: wipe my ſtreaming eye,
Then ſmile again: Will law forbid me this?

Thy mother in her peaceful tomb is laid;
Silent her griefs which fretted life away.
At ſight of thee her tender heart would bleed;
It bled for others, but for thee 'twould ſtream.
In happy time her ſoul to Him is fled,
Whoſe blood for thoſe, that mercy love, was ſpilt.
Thou know'ſt, my GOD, by thy great pattern taught,

I never turn'd my eye, or ſhut my heart
From any wretch that walk'd this earth in pain.
When thy rich bleſſings on my head were pour'd,
Thou ledd'ſt my heart (for goodneſs comes from thee)
To ſeek out mis'ry in her baſhful path,
And, to my utmoſt, ev'ry wound to heal.

My faith is firm; in this thy trying hand
My hope breathes freſh. Some virtuous mind thou'lt touch,
(Tho' few below thy glorious image wear,
To riot moſt, or vanity enſlav'd)
Then guide him to my cell; my chains he'll break,
And Light to me, and to this babe reſtore.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

YOUNG.

BY the loud trumpet ſummon'd to the charge,
See all the formidable ſons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once diſgorge
Their blazing magazines: and take by ſtorm,
This poor terreſtrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain height
Out-burns Veſuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted maſs, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars ruſh; and final *ruin* fiercely drives

Her plowſhare o'er creation!——while aloft,
More than aſtoniſhment! if more can be!
Far other *firmament* than e'er was ſeen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other *ſtars!*
Stars *animate*, that govern theſe of fire;
Far other *ſun!*—a *ſun*, O how unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary! Yet HE it is!
That man of ſorrows! O how chang'd! What pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n deſcends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A ſwift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and diſgrace
The ſcene divine, ſweeps ſtars and ſuns aſide.
And now, all droſs remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
While (dreadful contraſt!) far, how far beneath!
Hell, burſting, belches forth her blazing ſeas,
And ſtorms ſulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's moſt dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs; ſudden as the ſpark
From ſmitten ſteel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his couch ſhall ſleep no more;
The day is broke, which never more ſhall cloſe,
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our GOD in grandeur, and our *world* on fire;

All nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death!
Doſt thou not hear her? Doſt thou not deplore
Her ſtrong convulſions, and her final groan?
Where are *we now?* Ah me! the ground is gone
On which we ſtood.—O my ſoul! while thou may'ſt,
Provide more firm ſupport, or ſink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for ſhelter ſhall the guilty fly,
When conſternation turns the *good man* pale!

Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which *earth* roſe from chaos, man from *earth;*
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of *thee* each ſublunary wiſh
Lets go its eager graſp, and drops the world,
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.

Thrice happy they! who enter *now* the court
Heav'n opens in their boſoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing elſe; I ſee! I feel it!
All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All *Deities*, like ſummer's ſwarms, on wing!
All baſking in the full meridian blaze!
I ſee the JUDGE enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!
A ſun-beam pointing out each ſecret thought!

No patron! interceſſor none! now paſt
The ſweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain no pauſe, no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!

Eternity, the various ſentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambroſial: what enſues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.
The *Goddeſs*, with determined aſpect, turns
Her adamantine keys enormous ſize
Through deſtiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving ev'ry bolt on both their fates.
Then, from the cryſtal battlements of heav'n,
Down, down, ſhe hurls it thro' the dark profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand fathom; there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her reſolution more.
The deep reſounds, and hell, thro' all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

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